

Scandinavia

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FROM HOME.

The political situation of the Scandinavian countries can be understood only when it is realized that a great social question underlies the whole conflict. This is generally overlooked, but has several times been set forth in this paper. It is the difference between the bureaucracy with the several classes connected with it, on one side, and the great majority of peasant farmers, on the other side, which causes the conflict. If we do not see how this difference arose, as the natural outcome of the history of the country, of the whole development, it is impossible to understand either the character of the difficulty, or the necessary means of ending it. Nor could it in any other way be explained how men of this character and these opinions could occupy those positions which they at present hold in the strife.

There are, for instance, the members of the present unpopular cabinet. In fact, Mr. Estrup, the premier and actual leader of the ministry and of the whole conservative party, is a man of liberal views, gifted, and favorable to modern ideas, himself a good debater and parliamentarian, and, more especially, early prominent as one of the most advanced among the great landed proprietors. Son of one of the best men in the country, the historian Estrup, he was himself, although socially connected with the rather con-

servative class, one of the men who in his parliamentary beginnings promised best as a friend of the liberty and the progressive movement of the people. Or take his colleague, Nellemann, minister of justice, formerly professor at the University, and probably the best versed man in national history of law in the country. He was early sent to the first chamber, the *Lands-thing*, because he was the upholder of the great judicial reforms needed after the great change in the constitution, juries, public and oral proceedings in the courts, with all the important reforms connected therewith. Mr. Nellemann has the liberal progressive ideas of the higher middle class. He is not only a friend of constitutional liberty, but also, for instance, of the Scandinavian unity, and merely his position as prominent judicial member of the Upper House happened to bring him in personal connection with a circle of men from whom emanated the present cabinet. Or take the present minister of marine, Commodore Ravn, one of the ablest and most popular members of the Lower House, the *Folkething*. Or, finally, the recently appointed minister of the interior, Hilmar Finsen, once the pronounced Danish chief of the police of the town of Sonderburg, Alsen, Sleswick, later *Lands-høvd-ning* of Iceland, and finally Mayor of Copenhagen; everywhere known as an able and liberal official of the highest standing. It is possible that he, as others before him, owes his membership in the cabinet to his personal connection with a number of great landed proprietors and other prominent men from the Academy of Sorø, the Eton of Denmark. Or take the prominent member of the conservative party outside of the government, Carl Ploug, the great poet and journalist, and formerly the liberal of the liberals, the expounder of the Scandinavian idea, and the champion of the Danish nationality in Sleswick. He was never a great newspaper man in our sense of the word, but he was a journalist of such excellence that he was justly called the Armand Carrell of our young constitu-

tion. Most of his articles were true masterpieces, stirring to one side, crushing to the other. He was for years the leader of the Danish youth, and not many years ago, for a while, undoubtedly the most popular man in Copenhagen. When he was first elected a member of the Upper House, his conservative fellow members regarded him as a dangerous and impossible radical. After having been member of the Upper House for some years, he acquired such a position in the public opinion, that he naturally was regarded as the man best fit to lead in the most important questions: the reform of the higher education, the difficult case of a new church organization, etc. Although he was never a practical party organizer, he was for a while probably the member of the Upper House who seemed best able to co-operate with the moderate elements of the popular chamber. This same man is now one of the most ardent opponents of the great party of the Left, and that of a great majority of the people. And take, on the other hand, the prominent men of the opposite party. You will not find much difference between them and their antagonists in opinions about the most important questions, or in the general lines of thought; at all events only a small difference in color. There is, for instance, Mr. Berg, the president of the Lower House, and the most prominent leader of the peasant party. Bright and gifted by nature, he is by education a school teacher; nursed with the very ideas of Carl Ploug; in the main holding the same ideals, hopes, and purposes as the old liberals who are at present members of the conservative party. Or there is his friend Frede Boisen. When he entered the parliament, a young theologian, teacher in a peasant-high-school, and volunteer-lieutenant, he like most other adherents of the religious party of Grundtvig, was in secular politics a disciple of Carl Ploug. Or the new radical leader, Mr. Hørup, the representative of the class of the intelligent youth of the University; he was for a long time only in some negative ideas opposing the older school of politicians. First now, it seems as if, in his opposition to the militarism, he has found the true point where he can represent a popular and just idea against the old national demand for great military expenses of only little real value.

How these men, of whom we here have mentioned only a few, can be ardent opponents and fight one another from year to year, although they really, in the main, have the same education and the same ideas on the most important questions, can only be understood when we remember that

they, notwithstanding, happen to represent two sides of the development, between which there had to come a conflict. On one side, the official class emanated from and supported by the higher middle class, and to a large extent identical with the whole town population of the country, a class educated at the University, and as such in possession of the highest culture of the nation; conscious of their superiority, and actually holding the reins of the government, and well feeling how much they are above the great mass in the question of government. On the other hand, the great majority of the voters, the great peasant farmer class, the most important part of the whole social structure of the country, holding and cultivating the largest part of the soil, now emancipated, and feeling the power which the constitution and the whole new development has given to them, knowing from the past that their interest is not always the same as that of the official class, and now also wishing to use their power in their own interest. We cannot understand the position of men like those just mentioned, if we do not remember that they represent not simply themselves, but two great classes between which there is a natural conflict, and which yet must necessarily learn to co-operate. That men like Estrup, Nellemann, Ravn, and Ploug do not give in, and that the king does not call another cabinet, is owing not so much to the special desire of these men as to the general instincts of the great class to which they belong, which looks with contempt on the peasants, and which is unwilling to give up its old inherited power. On the other hand, Messrs. Berg, Boisen, and Hørup have their significance, not as bearers of great new truths, but as representatives of a new class rising into political significance, the great peasant farmer class, who justly demand to have the power and to see its interest taken care of.

Out of this conflict we, like most others who look at it at a distance, as also most of the prominent papers in England, do not see any other way than that of the old parliamentary practice: to let the leaders of the majority try. Even such an authority as the present English minister of foreign affairs, the Earl of Granville, is said to have recommended the present King of Denmark at his succession to the Danish throne, in 1863, to seek his support from the party of the yeomen. In Denmark itself, it is more and more conceded by the prominent and more impartial lookers on, that there is now a moment where the simplest practical necessity demands that the leaders of the

great majority of the popular chamber must have their hands in the government. Of such men we shall here mention the old Bishop D. G. Monrad, who drew up the Danish constitution of 1849, the newly re-elected Mr. C. V. Nyholm, for years one of the leaders of the party of centre, the two most prominent men of the younger political generation, Mr. Chr. Hage, and Prof. Falbe Hansen, and finally the late minister to Washington, C. St. A. Bille, once the strongest opponent on the conservative side in the House against the Left, but a gentleman of too sound and practical views to feel satisfied with a barren conflict without any possible outcome. It is no answer when Mr. Estrup (the great majority of the Lower House recently declining to have anything to do with any of the government bills outside of the most necessary appropriations) told them that the cabinet would not go, because the opposition did not say what it wanted. Last year the same cabinet declined, in exactly the same manner, to have anything to do with the practical proposals from the more moderate men of the opposition, and at all events Mr. Estrup cannot show any other way leading to any practical result. Things look for several reasons differently in Sweden, as we have mentioned before, and as we later shall again have occasion to discuss. In Norway, there exists nearly the same antagonism between the different classes. Also there, some of the best men of the country happened to be put up as representatives of the governing minority against the great majority of the party of the yeomen. At present the leaders of this popular majority are also leaders of the government, and everything seems now working smoothly, with good prospects for the future, and with all promises of practical results for the benefit of the people.

The remarkable interest for colonial expansion appearing at present in a number of countries where formerly nobody cared for it, as Germany, France, and Italy, has some sound foundation. It is true that the greatness of the Anglo-Saxon race is due to colonization, more than to coal and iron in England, or what other causes are alleged. It is, of course, also a better occupation than war. The money and forces used for the colonies give certainly better results. The trouble is only, that the countries which have been behind in their colonial policy, generally have been so, because they have lacked liberty and free individual movement, and that they now seem to be going in for colonies under the auspices of their governments, more

than through individual efforts. For the same reason their success is doubtful.

The Scandinavian countries are taking their share in the exploring of the far North. There is, however, here no question about immediate practical results. Everybody knows that the greatest feat of northern travel in modern times, is Nordenskiöld's tour north of Siberia, and the discovery of the north-east passage. The commercial expectations thereby aroused, have, however, not been fulfilled. The only route which at present seems to be practicable, is that up the Petschora and thence over to the affluents of the Ob, which the well-known Russian merchant, Siberiakoff, this year seems to work with success; it is, however, not one of the roads proposed by Nordenskiöld. Instigated by Nordenskiöld's voyage, the board of trade in Copenhagen sent two of its ablest young members on an extended trip through Siberia for the purpose of forming commercial connections, but this, too, has, so far as we understand, not had any immediate result. Other enterprises have proved of much more practical consequence. Norwegian lumbermen do not only take a prominent part in some of the largest business in Sweden, but have also gone to Finland and northern Russia. A number of Danes have gone to China and other places in connection with the remarkable Danish enterprise, "the Great Northern Telegraph Company." Swedes are met with in different kinds of business in Russia. They are in every way the most cosmopolitan branch of the Scandinavian race, and it is also characteristic that quite a number of them are at present found among the officials of the International Association in the Congo Basin. Many such isolated efforts could be enumerated, but there has in modern times not been any great common foreign enterprise in the Scandinavian countries thought of.

If we look for any development which could be compared with that of colonization in other countries, we have in Scandinavia to seek in other directions. In Norway, the high northern latitude and the poor granite soil is a great hindrance to agricultural progress. Sweden is much richer, and it is also specially that country in which a colonization similar to that in the United States and in other far away regions, has sprung up. A most remarkable progress has taken place in the northern part, Norrland, not only in the lumber business, but also in agriculture, where for instance barley gives a rich yield on the alluvial soils along the rivers, during the long days of the short northern summer. Some years ago Mr. Hans

Forsell, late minister of finance, gave a vivid description of the immense progress in that part of Sweden. Here, wages were in many cases rising in about the same ratio as in new colonies. Workingmen were sometimes able to go to the extravagance of drinking champagne. Fortunes were made and dissipated. Nearly everywhere in Sweden a considerable development has, however, taken place in the same direction. SCANDINAVIA has formerly mentioned Macaulay's words about the progress in Scotland from the middle of last until the middle of this century, when the country was changed from a marshy, barren and uncultivated home for wild beasts, and for a wild people, into the relatively best cultivated part of Europe, nourishing the ablest people of modern times. A change similar to that described by the great author in so vivid colors, has in the present time taken place in Sweden, where, during the last generation, great parts of the country have been opened up by new means of communication, and vast territories broken and brought into cultivation, while undoubtedly the immediate future will see still greater progress accomplished. The rapidly increasing export of grain and of animal produce; the increase in banking and commerce, etc., shows this rapid development. Although Denmark has no such large new territories to take in, so much progress has nevertheless been made even there, that the recently published statistics for the last five years show an area of new land broken equal to that of a whole "Amt," or county. Still more progress has been made in the methods of agriculture, especially by a change from grain production to the production of butter and other animal produce. A reaction from intensive, back to more extensive culture, took place after the depression of 1876-78, but will probably soon again be overcome. In all three countries the whole progress is closely connected with the foreign commerce, and, more than anything else, communication with England. If we should look for possibilities of interior progress, we should especially regard the questions about abolishing unnecessary public burdens, indirect taxation to the government, the protection doing very little good to anybody, but taking large amounts from the people, and especially in Denmark, a not quite inconsiderable military service, though even there, very light when compared with that of Germany. The financial condition is in all three countries so good that full free trade, not only abolishment of tariff protection, but of all tariff, would not be impossible. This would certainly be the greatest

interior reform there could be made, and would also take away the greatest drawback, from which these countries suffer, when compared with new colonies.

Interior progress would relieve the position of the people. Still emigration would be of great consequence, not only to the individuals who emigrate themselves, but also to the whole community. We shall another day look more closely into the questions, both in the significance of and the best practical conditions for emigration and colonization from those countries. We shall especially see why there hardly can be thought of great new national enterprises. The once opened ways to the English speaking countries cannot again be closed. Those have also a number of advantages. The colonists do better there than they would in new national colonies of their own. We shall, on the other hand, find that there still here is room enough for better national organization and co-operation of the several classes, etc. The same considerations as to the Scandinavian countries will to a great extent apply to Germany.

No reform is more needed in the Scandinavian countries than one of the school system. All three countries are, as all other Lutheran countries, advanced in this respect. Everybody can read and write, and the whole class of officials receive a solid education in the Latin schools, and in the universities. Still there is everywhere need of a good many changes, and, generally speaking, hardly any object is more worthy the attention of the reformers than the education of the people.

It is worth while to compare the schools in the Anglo-Saxon countries, especially in the United States of America, with the system of common schools still reigning in the old countries. The primary education in the celebrated American common schools is not as good as in the private schools of the upper classes in the Scandinavian countries. Richard Grant White is undoubtedly right in some of his attacks on the American system of common schools. It is true, that it gives a certain kind of dead level which generally strikes people from Europe as the most conspicuous feature of the American culture. We must also agree with Mr. White—if we would speak the whole truth—that we find in America not a little of that confusion and that conceit which follow half culture, and which, though it generally is the result of unequal education for equal positions, may also spring up as the result of equal education for unequal positions. On the other hand we

must admit that in many respects the American school system is much superior to that of the Scandinavian countries, and other more advanced countries in Europe. In the American schools the children reach much farther than to the mere reading and writing. If we should mention one heavy drawback with the schools at home, it is the way in which the religious instruction is given. It would hardly be the right thing to take all religious instruction out of the schools, as has been done in America. As long as the whole people is of one denomination, such a measure is hardly practical; but the dead learning by rote of religion is certainly the worst feature of Scandinavian school instruction, and the greatest relief would come to the schools, if at least part of this instruction was taken away and left to the care of the clergyman. The general impression of a comparison between the schools in America and those at home leaves no room for a doubt that the American method is much superior. Its superiority is certainly shown in the fact that the children here like to go to school, while at home the pupils, in all schools of any degree, even up to the universities, hate their studies. A good deal of the difference is the simple consequence of that circumstance, that the whole people have a much higher development in America, than in the old countries.

About the higher grades of schools something similar may be said, only it must be remembered that what we here call colleges and universities, generally correspond to the Real and Latin schools of the old countries. At home they have teachers with more solid knowledge and better education, and teachers for whom the work is the work of a lifetime, and not only a stepping stone to something else. Furthermore the pupils come to the higher schools better prepared. In the United States these higher institutions are of a necessity a mixture of what we at home call peasant high schools, *Borger Skoler*, and *Gymnasia*. There is a lack of differentiation in the place of the higher American school. We must, however, admit also on this point, that their method is superior. The pupils work much more themselves, the first condition for true development, and they have much more freedom in selecting their studies, which is another great advantage. It will take a long time before the higher schools at home can get rid of that miserable dead training, which does not give any knowledge worth having, nor develop the faculties of the children. A good omen for reform, however, is the attention which recently has been paid to the importance of history, compared,

as a branch of instruction, with the classic languages. We agree entirely with several authors who lately have laid stress on this branch as the most important means of education, much superior as well to languages as to science and mathematics. There is, however, far from such a recommendation by single reformers to the practical transformation of the whole system.

Nowhere, however, do we feel more distinctly how backward our old countries are in all the great questions of life, than when we look to that which ought to be their greatest honor, the old seats of the highest learning: the universities. These old institutions, richly endowed with money from the governments and swarming with the best youth of the people, ought certainly to represent the highest hopes of the nations. They can generally without any difficulty secure the services of the ablest men in the countries. These are not, as they are in America, attracted by practical positions in railroads, banks, etc., but find at the universities a position honored above anything else they can get hold of. Nevertheless, the universities do not by any means fulfill what should be expected of them. They are in Sweden located in two small towns, Upsala and Lund, and though in Norway and Denmark they are located in the capitals, Christiania and Copenhagen, they are all of them rather antiquated institutions. A late professor of history in Copenhagen used to say, when he spoke about the transition from the middle ages to modern times, that "the Monasteries were abolished, but the Universities preserved," and the sarcasm was not altogether wrong. It is sufficient to remember that it is still customary for professors in many branches to waste the time by dictating day after day, when they could just as well use the press. It is true that the universities of the United States can not at once arrive at the same scientific height as most of the universities of Europe, but it is also true that the practical requirements of instruction in most cases are much better fulfilled here than there. The great advantages of the American institutions compared with those of the Scandinavian countries, Germany, and other countries in Europe, are that the young men work more, and that they have more freedom of studies. In the Scandinavian countries the students have the liberty to do anything they like, but they are bound in their studies. In America the case is just reversed. It is remarkable to see how difficult it seems to be to reform these institutions of the old countries, although everything really depends on them.

Their bad arrangement cripples a large amount of the best forces of the people. Their very duty is to lead the van in the whole civilization.

In all three countries, however, reform of education is under discussion. The common schools were first arranged in a tolerable manner in Denmark, where the law of 1814 was very good for its time. There seems, however, at present to be a greater movement forward in Sweden, where reforms were not generally introduced until 1840. A law about the extension of school instruction in Denmark of 1856 needs still many complements. The private so-called peasant high-schools embrace only a small part of the population. There ought to be higher schools for everybody above the age of the common schools, which is fourteen years. A government high school for girls is the object of a new bill in the Danish Parliament. Still other reforms are necessary. It seems that the new government in Norway will seek its greatest merit in the reform of the school system, which in certain respects is still more needed in Norway than in any of the other countries. This is a purpose well worth a progressive democratic government. It can hardly be expected that there will be sufficient knowledge to reform at the same time the highest schools of the country.

N. C. FREDERIKSEN.

REMINISCENCES OF H. C. ANDERSEN.

A DIALOGUE.

I.

One evening Mr. B. and Mr. C., occupying two seats to the right in the orchestra of the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen, were talking about H. C. Andersen, and the talk was not exactly in a strain of admiration, when the latter entered from the opposite side and took his seat, smiling, bowing, nodding to all sides, saluting with his fingers to the lips, to the heart, with a profusion of animation in the whole person, which contrasted singularly with that expression of half-sad vacancy which fell over his face, as soon as he felt securely seated with his back to the audience.

"I feel," continued Mr. C., with his eyes on Andersen, "a kind of aversion to that man, for which I can give no satisfactory reason, perhaps no reason at all, but which more than once has made me avoid his company."

"The feeling is reciprocal," answered Mr. B., with a discreet smile, and then he added, hesitatingly, but with an open, direct, intended sincerity in his blue eyes, "for he called you this very morning, in my presence, a tramp in broadcloth."

Mr. C. arose, went straight to Andersen, told him the story, and asked for an explanation.

Andersen looked up, completely bewildered and frightened. But suddenly he rose, took Mr. C. by the arm, dragged him out in the anteroom and along the corridor, all the while whispering in a low, flurried voice: "Come! come! the man is in despair. We must make haste. You don't know what one feels, when one has done such a thing. He might take his own life," etc. At the other end of the corridor they overtook Mr. B., hurrying on his overcoat, and with a face which gave the explanation more plainly and more fully than any words of Andersen could have done. But Andersen said nothing. He just caught the flying foe around the waist, and immediately began to help him off the overcoat, all the while patting him on the shoulder, stroking him on the cheek, and trying to console and comfort him. "It is nothing. Such freaks human nature is liable to. Don't lose your good evening on account of that nonsense," etc.

Not one word about lying or slandering. Not one word about forgiving and forgetting. Nothing, absolutely nothing, but the intensest anxiety, the tenderest exertions, to blot out forever the evil which had been done, and restore the evil-doer to his own true self.

II.

"Yes, just like Andersen." Was that not the favorite phrase in every mouth when something was told of him? Mr. C., however, makes no allowance for his way of saluting his friends. Every king or prince has to salute that way. Andersen had a kingdom in our souls; the greater our imagination, the more powerful his sway. Did we not court him? "Andersen will read a story," would be the signal for the hostess to have her best easy chair rolled forth, a glass of water, some preserves, on a small table placed near it—and evil tongues would say "some hassocks to adore on." I never saw any. If she was wise she would provide her critical friends with engravings or rare photographs in a side-room.

The circle was formed; perfect silence. If he was well disposed, what a treat! The better we listened the better he read; we literally hung on his lips. A glance would take in our expressions—once in a while feed upon them—and Andersen had suffered so much in his early youth from what he supposed to be slights, that he was determined not to make anybody suffer that way, if he could help it. But he exaggerated the disap-

pointment it would be to his friends, not to get a smile from H. C. Andersen.

He hated to hear about deaths and sickness, but would himself entertain not only his friends but the public with toothaches.

He did not object to a goodnatured smile or a jest at his expense, would even provoke it; but the least vestige of malice, often unconscious, would make him perfectly furious.

"What a child you are, Andersen!" "All right," he answered pleasantly; "but, you know, only those who become little children shall enter into the kingdom of God." He meant it, fully and truly.

"Our heavenly Father," "Eternity," etc., were not empty words in his mouth. He had a praying mother and he believed in her prayers.

"What is this, Andersen?" asked a friend, entering his bed-room and seeing a long rope coiled upon a table. "That? Oh! hum! don't you see, there is only one entrance to the house. If the stairs should burn I would be burned up alive; now, I have had a hook, a strong hook, placed outside the window. I wake up! I see the flames! I hurry to the window, put this loop on the hook, slide down triumphant—saved!" "But these gloves?" "Well, if I had not had them I should have hurt my hands awfully," and he sat down pale, excited, from this terrible experience.

How could it be otherwise? Andersen had not had any occasion to develop moral power or discrimination before his confirmation. His father, a poetical nature, did not take any pleasure in his trade; he despised it, always pining for that higher culture he could not reach; he was dissatisfied and critical. His hard-working, unselfish mother, who strove hard to make both ends meet, and still found time to make the little room bright with flowers, songs and shining copper pans; and his brave old grandmother, whose visits and small gifts were the great events of his life, were his sole companions. How should that little boy, isolated from other children, reared and sheltered in that little room, develop any independence. To him it came with his confirmation, as we say; then he began to feel himself strengthening into a man. When he took up the responsibility of his own soul, he took up the work he felt it was given him to do, and knew that his heavenly father would provide for him. His mother's words, when he left her, "Oh, never mind, he will turn back when he comes to the water," show how weak and dependent she thought her boy to be. He did not turn back, however.

III.

Nevertheless, Andersen was not what we call a great character. Entirely free from hatred, from envy, from that egotism which allows a man to put his foot noiselessly on his neighbor's right; entirely free from the least taint of anything odious or vicious, he lacked something of that positive force which we cannot help admiring even in cases in which it would be more proper simply to fear it. In his soul, as with a revolving light, there was something intermittent, which made him intense and striking in the moment, but which prevented him from fully realizing that which grows through years and years in silent continuity, without having any special hour of manifestation. Once when he heard the sailor boys of the neighborhood call him "Our ape," he exclaimed indignantly: "I am such as the Lord has made me." It was true, but it was a little too true. He remained a child to his death. His life expresses a beautiful destiny, but there is no history in it. It was marked with great gifts and singular vicissitudes, with perfect faith and unflinching perseverance, but there was no trace in it of that self-training toward an inborn ideal, which constitutes the great character. It looks more like the life of a flower; nature said, blossom, and it blossomed.

The principal force in him was his imagination. The boldness with which Andersen's imagination attacked the strangest objects, the precision with which it struck them, the energy with which it handled them, the voracity with which it fed upon them, actually reminded one of that most audacious, most obstinate, most cruel of all birds of prey, the sparrow-hawk. In one of his novels he describes what a man feels, who, falling overboard and sinking into a mackerel-shoal, is eaten up by the fishes. The description is overwhelming; it might be administered as a swooning-dose; and it is probably true. In another of his novels he describes the sound frozen and the ice breaking up on account of a change in the current. The description is very elaborate and minute; it occupies a whole chapter. I have had that chapter examined by scientists who were fully conversant both with the relation between ice and running water, and with the relation between atmospheric changes and the corresponding changes of marine currents; and I have had it examined by old pilots who knew the sound as a mother knows the cradle of her baby, and who had witnessed the phenomenon more than once, and with danger to their lives. In all cases the examination began

with a little smile, and in all it ended with amazement and enthusiasm. The description is true. To this may be added first, that it contains not one scientific observation, not one scientific term, but moves on, giving only that which would present itself to the eye and ear of any spectator; next it is as rich to the ear as to the eye. The sucking, heaving, sighing, clicking, booming, bellowing of the water below, the fluttering, whistling, whining, yelling, roaring of the wind above, fills the imagination to the very brim; and this is a merit which even now is very rare, and which, at the time when the description was made, was an astonishing innovation.

No less remarkable was Andersen's imagination, when it had to deal, not with grand and strange occurrences in natural life, but with small and everyday, though often very complex, phenomena. The philosophy of the old ducks under the nettle-ferns, the criticism of the wise hens of the barnyard, the lectures of the sparrow-mother under the eaves, the love affairs between the leaden soldier from the play-box and the dancer cut out of a piece of paper, etc., etc.—often by a single queer word, as if by a twinkling of the eye, they flash upon the reader—an insight in real life, in its truth and its follies, in its beauty and its shortcomings, in its whole moral order, such as it is and such as it ought to be, which is sought for in vain in the cumbersome descriptions of the naturalists of our time. I have seen children flushed with excitement by reading about the first sun-ray of spring; how "it knocked at the door," and how the seed under the ground cried out: "Come in! come in!" I have seen old men startled by that trenchant satire which, from the antics of all those fire-pokers and candle-snuffers, fell upon themselves and their surroundings. I have more than once heard a dispute settled, under a roar of laughter, by a few sentences of Andersen, which opened a window where everybody imagined a solid wall, and let in a flood of unexpected light. There was a wonderful power of condensation in his imagination, and it was always vividly felt, though it was rarely fully understood, because it resulted in an airy little picture, and not in a ponderous formula of technical terms.

But even Andersen's imagination was intermittent. It came and went like good luck; nobody knew when or why. In his writings, the charm lies in the style rather than in the composition, in the details rather than in the total conception. A single side of human nature, or a

single occurrence in human life he might exhaust in all its depth. But a whole man, or a whole destiny, he looked upon as a kind of enigma, whose solution he expected to find hereafter. This peculiarity, however, which, with many another author, would indicate a lack of depth, was with him simply expressive of the peculiar character of his powers. They might flame up into a huge conflagration, but they seldom, if ever, burned with a steady fire. Sometimes his imagination was dead, so that even the stars shone in vain, and at other times it became completely uncontrollable. When cholera broke out in Copenhagen in 1854, Andersen fled immediately. He took the first train he could get, and when he arrived at Roskilde—some sixteen miles from Copenhagen, but as far as the train at that time would take him—he fell upon the old host of the inn with a myriad of distracted questions: "Don't you think I look pale? Do you suppose I shall have the cholera? Let me have a little water—no! for heaven's sake, give me some milk—no! port wine—no! post-horses for Smyrna!"

IV.

And, therefore, "Do not read Andersen's 'Story of My Life,'" is my advice to anybody who has got his works for a New Years or Christmas present. The words of Goethe, "Candid only when unconscious, as a child, thy consciousness is death to thee," ought to have kept Andersen from writing that book. He had a sharp eye for the odd eccentric, occurrences of life, and when told by him, in his naive graphic way, without other commentaries than a bright gleam of the eye, they were witty, but when retold, and put down in dead letters, they often became absurd. He has given us his life, his feelings, everything that was his, in his works, when his friends wanted his autobiography; they are responsible for the mistake he made in giving us "The Wonder Story of my Life." He went to work publishing in chronological order, his notes, his diary, even scraps from the newspapers, everything. Goethe gave us "Dichtung und Wahrheit"; Andersen, "Wahrheit" alone. And what that means the reader may discover by comparing for instance his life on Føhr as told in the "Two Baronesses," with his visit to Føhr in his Life's story; in the latter we only learn where he dined, with whom, and what "Stories he read to the king and queen of Denmark."

His true story is in his books. He had an open eye for the natural character and the customs of

the different people he visited, he delighted in folk-lore traditions, and tells us about them in a picturesque, fascinating way. Andersen is an able cicerone. He takes us to Italy, Greece, Spain, Denmark, and his novels may obtain historical interest when those customs and pageants he describes are disappearing, and are no more. The "Deer Garden" (Dyrehaven), for instance, a kind of summer fair held in an old forest near Copenhagen, has in his description an interest just like that of an old Dutch picture I saw some days ago, representing a procession in New York; the guilds marching on, and Peter Stuyvesant at the head of them; the brave burghers rather glad with wine, and with difficulty managing to keep their different standards straight. Their quaint dresses, their emblems, now a barrel, now a brush, now two bottles whose necks meet at the end of the pole, tell in a few minutes the story of early life in New Holland; and so the stories of Andersen make life in those countries real to us.

A critic in the November number of *The Dial* says, speaking of Andersen, "that he had only one criterion of people: those who praised his works were good people, those who did not, were a malignant and blackhearted lot, who would *get come up with* on the day of judgment." This is a natural conclusion from a study of Andersen's life, but if the critic had known the man better, he would have known also, that his idea was not to consign people to the pit—as Benvenuto Cellini did—no, on the contrary, when everything came to be known, then he believed they would "be sorry they had been so hard upon" H. C. Andersen, and that it would be "all right." Some of his best friends criticised him severely. Mrs. Hartmann would not even see some of his plays. He tells us himself how, at last, touched by his hurrying out to find a little boy of hers that was lost, she said: "Andersen is good! I'll go and see 'Ole Lukoie' (the Sandman), and if he brings back the boy I'll even see 'More than Pearls and Gold.'" She laughed at him to his face, laughed him out of discontent; but her death took the sunshine out of his life, so he says in his loving heart-felt words about her. Mrs. Lassøe, his motherly friend, was a remarkably pure and true nature. She had a fine ear for every half true or sentimental word, and never hesitated to give Andersen a bit of her mind, when he exaggerated or amplified. He loved her with his whole soul. "If ever I wrote a true and pure book I owe it to her, to her kind interest and moral influence." His sisterly friend Ingeborg Drewsen, born in Col-

lin, the daughter of his benefactor, would often shame him out of his self-pity. Her nonsense acted upon him like a cold showerbath; it strengthened him Miss Wulf's sharp intellect had a great part in forming his character. He was a bashful man, often painfully so, and when he spoke of his power he always spoke of it as a "gift," in a thankful way. To himself he was "Lykkepeer"; he believed in his star, or better, as he himself puts it in one of his poems to his mother, in his mother's prayers. A love story he tells us of in a little rhyme, with a motto from Heine: "Himmelhoch jauchzend, zum Tode betrübt, glücklich allein ist die Seele, die liebt," and the motto characterizes the man perfectly. Andersen was always "exalted unto heaven," or "sad unto death." A love has always a part, more or less, in a book of his. But his passion for Jenny Lind having attracted a good deal of notice, and both kind and unkind comment, he grew more careful. In some of his last novels, "At være eller ikke være," in which he fixed the question "to be or not to be" in a simple, naive way, the lady, whose conversation had a large part in the composition, is only designated by the first letter of the heroine's first name, but the designation is true.

Andersen was educated by two women, his mother and his grandmother. This stately old loving grandam was a woman of some education, and when the family lost everything, she went to work as a gardener and supported her insane husband. His mother sang to him, told him stories, but kept him aloof from other children. Her only ambition to see him in college was satisfied, but at what cost to her sensitive boy, who had to be placed, almost a man, with the very first beginners, she never knew, for, whatsoever he may have suffered during those first years, his letters to his mother were hopeful. Everybody seemed to think themselves called upon to educate Andersen. Men who did not know how to make allowances for his peculiarities, often wounded him deeply; even children would try to lead him. Telling stories one day, and a story of his own, a little girl cried out: "No, Andersen, that's too bad, you do not even know your own stories," and, answering a glance from her mamma, she continued, "but it is so; I'll go and get the book." How well I remember his tall, gaunt figure, his shining boots, his well brushed hair, and his sweet smile as he, stooping down to her, and patting her head, excused himself, "I know so many stories, don't you see?" He had a certain restless way with his

hands, always busy fingering something. When he was "very good," he would get paper and scissors and cut out playthings for his little friends. Chinese theatres with dancing girls standing on the tip of their toes, butterflies with a dancing girl pirouetting on each wing, windmills with a human head, miller and mill in one, with a ladder at the door or in the stomach, hearts in which now a bear, now a girl, now a chimneysweeper, with his ladder, are cut out,—are still treasured by former friends. In Sweden, a woman seeing some of these, asked him for some new patterns for her cakes, and rewarded him with a taste of them. His imagination, his strength and his weakness, often led him astray. As a child it made him lecture to the old women in the hospital on anatomical subjects, he even seized a piece of chalk and gave them a fancy sketch of liver and lungs and so forth. No wonder they thought him too wise to live! He often had a perception, distinct, as though by intuition, of his friends' opinions and feelings, and this gift, always a two-edged sword, often brought him unnecessary pain. "Why did you leave so early, Andersen?" "Oh, I don't know. Well, Mr. C. looked at me." Mr. C. was certainly innocent; he did not even know that he had looked at Andersen, but he was not delighted to meet H. C. Andersen, and Andersen felt it.

V.

Andersen was in an eminent sense of the word the children's poet. The influence he has exercised, and is still exercising in Denmark, through the children, is incalculable. Nevertheless, his personal relation to children was rather curious. When a dozen or a hundred of them were present, he felt at home and was sure to captivate them; but face to face with one single child he often felt embarrassed and generally made the child feel shy.

He had many gifts which made it easy for him to approach and conquer children. His power of condensation was one of them. Some people think that all mental food given to children ought first to be ground down to a powder as fine as dust—"abbreviated to the scope of the young understanding"; and then soaked in water until it becomes a slippery palaver—"accommodated to the grasp of the young understanding." But this is certainly a sore mistake. It is just the short and clear-cut sentence of Andersen's style, and the strange and shocking condensation of his statement, which make his tales a charm to all children. His astonishing power of imitation was another. His tales are full of chirping

birds and whistling winds and rustling leaves, and when he read them aloud he would make the whole room living with the voices of nature. But there was in his imitations nothing of that gross mechanical counterfeiting which may deceive and even frighten, but which also provokes and irritates. Nobody ever mistook his imitations for realities, and yet the images were so vivid and so exact that they never failed to produce intense delight. He was a great admirer of Madame Ristori, and once in a great company he wound up an enthusiastic description of her representation of Lady Macbeth in the sleep-walking scene with the exclamation: "She does not act it, she dances it!" General astonishment. In his excitement, however, he probably forgot himself a little, for he was in company rather retiring, and, stepping back a few paces, he actually began to dance Madame Ristori's Lady Macbeth. But tall, pale, ill-shaped, and awkward, as he was, with a few movements he gave a perfectly distinct and perfectly correct idea of the marvelous plastic power of that grand actress.

But Andersen's idea of what a child is, though easily realized by a flock of children, was as easily contradicted by one single child. He considered a child a piece of innocence, an angel without wings, and when that angel did something which was not entirely innocent, he liked to consider the deed as an unconscious imitation of the follies of grown-up people. It is, however, no use denying it: there are people, and there are many of them, to whom innocence is not the heaven from which they fell, not a dream which has vanished, and upon which they look back with sorrow, but an acquired ideal which they feel should be reached sometime and somehow, and towards which they perhaps are striving with bent back; and this means that there are children, and many of them, whose very first act of self-consciousness is a crime, in the full psychological and moral meaning of the word. A child is a bundle of possibilities, and its whole innocence consists in its possibilities not yet having become realities. But if ever we shall have a psychology which is competent to explain anything, and a moral which is able to take the command, we must do away with this idea of a natural innocence born to develop by falling. But Andersen was born in a small provincial town in a small provincial country, and he was born in 1801. To him it was natural to consider everything a child did before confirmation as non-existing, and morals and responsibility as beginning the day after confirmation. I believe

that he actually looked upon any strongly marked element of character in a child of ten or twelve years as monstrous.

VI.

There can be only one opinion of the effect of Andersen's "Wonder Stories" on children. A mother asked, some time ago, "What shall I do to educate, to form, to cultivate my children's imagination?" She was answered, "Give them Andersen's stories." What quantity of trashy books do not the children read! Some of those so-called Sunday-school books are often nothing but a sad mixture of millinery and Bible text. Andersen teaches children that they have a Father in heaven who cares for them personally, cares for every animal and plant as well; that crime, untruth, wickedness, vanity are always found out; or, rather, that they carry their own punishment. And have you anything better to offer?

In Andersen's novels, if sin is spoken of, it is never made attractive. The stories are so well told that they will interest the young, and teach them a good deal besides. Andersen's deep and true love for his mother gave him a sort of second-sight of our love for our children. Read his beautiful poem, "Rabbi Meyer." It can only lose by translation. In the original Danish, its rhythm is marvelously full and deep. We see the proud, learned rabbi teaching in the synagogue on a beautiful day. His heart is full; speaking about the wanderings and the sufferings of his people, he prophesies a new era: "We have suffered, but our sons shall bring in the full harvest." Alas! that very moment the bodies of his sons are carried to his home; his wife is kneeling heart-broken at their couch. When he returns, she meets him in the hall. None but she shall tell him. The room is prepared for the Sabbath; together they light the silver lamps. "Where are my sons? I did not see them at the synagogue." "They have come home," she answered, bringing him the cup for the Sabbath blessing. He rejoices and gives thanks. "Where are the boys? Call them!" "They are near; but, rabbi, thou art my wisdom, my strength; thou must help me. A friend gave me a treasure several years ago; now he claims it; must I give it back again?" "How can you doubt it, daughter of Israel?" "But, rabbi, don't you see my anguish? It has filled my soul by day and night." He repeats his answer, wondering at her persistence. She comes up to him, and, pressing her lips to his

cheek, she leads him to the couch, and unveils the bodies of their departed sons.

He calls his sons in his passionate grief; calls upon God to reveal what sin of his has called down this great punishment. "Dead, dead! my hope, my all is dead!" His violent grief distresses her, but, turning away from him, she "felt the spirit of God in her heart," and said, "Rabbi, just now you told me to give up what was claimed by its true owner; it would be a sin, you said, to waver."

Then his soul was lifted up and comforted; he was strong and hopeful as never before; he was able to say, "The Lord gave; the Lord hath taken away; the Lord's name be praised. They are not dead. They sleep; peace be with them. He whom God will bless shall find a wife faithful—pure as tested gold." "The Story of a Mother," the one chosen to be translated in fifteen languages at Andersen's anniversary, shows the same true appreciation of a mother's best love.

Andersen, in a dedication of a copy of his "Wonder Stories," says of it: "Here is the key, if I may call it so, that unlocks the gate of the garden that surrounds the castle of Hans Christian Andersen's kingdom." Take the key, and when you have followed him through his works, and want to study him in a literary, anatomical way, then read his "Story of My Life."

FIVE GOLDEN LINES.

To the Editor of the SCANDINAVIA:

Have you read *Fortuna*—Kielland's last book? For I have. But you need not be afraid; I am not going to write a criticism of it. I only want to make one single remark on it, or, rather, on the five last lines of it.

You know that as soon as He and She have fairly got each other, and the other *dramatis personæ* begin to form groups beside the happy couple, we rise from our seats and make haste to get out of the theatre. We will not listen to that *Finis Poloniæ*. We will not listen to that "Amen! Amen!" It is to us a mere ceremony, and we hate anything merely ceremonial. And other people are like us. The more intensely interested an audience has been in a play, the more abrupt and noisy is always this break-off. The last five lines of a good drama are never heard.

The reason is very simple. There was a time when every play ended with a direct address from the writer to the audience: an excuse for the feeble powers of the poet and a plea of the good

intentions of the man, an acknowledgment of the humble merits of the play and an assertion of the good moral of the design; and there was a time when every audience actually relished such a *captatio benevolentiae*, and probably would have felt offended if it had not been offered. That time has now gone by—long ago—but its effect is still visible, both on the play-writers and the play-goers. Of course, no dramatist of our time would think of approaching his public with a *vos plaudite* in the old style; but it is, nevertheless, true that very few of them understand how to stop when the end has come. They all want to make a polite bow, an elegant *sortie*, a little flourish of five lines.* And as for us—the disgust of the old ceremony is in our blood, just as the disgust of his father's frying-pan is in the blood of the new-born chicken. The least smell in the air of an official parting scene makes us run away, panic-stricken.

But is the case not exactly the same with novel-writers and novel-readers? All my mother's novels—I mean the novels my mother read—finished up with a goodly-sized chapter in which we were told that, after all their troubles and tribulations, the young couple finally settled down in the old mansion; that they lived there in great happiness; that they had a child every Christmas eve; that all their boys were named Peter, after the father, and all their girls Lise, after the mother, etc., etc. I disliked those chapters; they seemed to take from me everything the book had given to me. I soon learned to skip them, and I noticed that my mother skipped them, too. Now, I am well aware that modern novel-writers are not so luxuriant in superfluities as the old ones were. But I still find a story which actually moves on to the last line—a very rare thing. To judge from the manner in which they begin and end their books, one would think that even the novel-writers of this very hour consider it necessary to give the canvass a broad gilt frame—as if the imagination of the reader were nothing but a dead wall to hang pictures on. I am also aware that, in his later works, Kielland is trying to construct his story on an entirely new plan. He looks upon that he is going to tell us as upon a stream of running water, and when the individual characters and the individual destinies have reached the highest significance they can acquire with respect to human life in general, he pours the whole flood through a violent cataract into the great ocean.

* The last *replique* of Emile Angier's *Le Fils de Giboyer* is an unconscious confession which runs back with a volley of laughter to the very first scene of the play. But that *replique* is a very rare bird.

Fattige Folk is laid out on this scheme, and the closing chapter of the book is nearly grand.* But so inured are novel-readers to the common method, with its peculiar shimmering and skipping business, that I think it not only appropriate, but necessary, to tell them, in the most emphatic way I know how, that the five last lines of *Fortuna* are the true and real end of the story, the most important in the whole composition, the best Kielland ever wrote, an inspiration of a high order. Whether he found those lines ten years ago, and has kept them ripening in his heart for all that time; or whether they broke forth, volcano-like, from the glowing passion of the moment's conception, I know not; but I know that, when he put them down on the paper, they flushed his face with joy, and every one who reads the book will know it, too.

But what then do those marvelous five lines contain? Yea, he would be a big fool who should undertake to tell that, bigger, at all events, than I am. For it cannot be told.* Should any one feel tempted to open the book at the wrong end and glance over the lines, he will be very much surprised, for he will find nothing but a very plain and simple statement of a very common and insignificant event. But let him reach them through the right way, and he shall find that they are golden. They have the true characteristic of gold. For what is your gold, when your camel breaks down and you sit alone on the corpse in the midst of Sahara? And what is it, when you step from the train in London or Paris, and take a cab to go and see the elephant? It is nothing, and it is everything, according to circumstances, and so are those five lines. But about these gold-bearing, something might perhaps be said with profit.

There is a difficulty about all Kielland's books. We are used to consider history as a tremendous fight between God and Satan, and though we do not apply that view personally, when we study history, because there is too much reason in us, too much science in our time, to allow of such nonsense, we do apply it officially, in the pulpit and on the stump. Furthermore, we are used to dividing all human beings, the atoms of history, into angels and devils, and though we do not make that distinction personally in our everyday intercourse with our fellow-men, because there is too much conscience in us, too much morality in our time to allow of such an injustice, we do make it officially, in the school and in the

* A similar intention is very apparent in Zola's *Nana*, but the execution is nearly a failure.

court-room. From the official sphere, the field of ceremonies, this dualism—which came into the world with the installation of the first priest, and will remain there for some time after the last priest has gone—has gradually penetrated into the half official sphere which we call literature. There are multitudes of novel-readers who will only read about angels and devils, about that which they can despise, and hate, and abhor, or about that which they can admire, and love, and worship; and even the educated reader, the really cultured mind, wishes to find in a novel a point on which he can fix his sympathy. But Kielland is very stubborn in this respect. He absolutely refuses to enter for this taste. His worst devils oscillate between our laughter and our pity, and even his finest angels have a spot on the ascension-robe. I don't mean to say that this is a fault, for I am not writing criticism. But I have found it a difficulty. Haven't you?

And this difficulty has actually been doubled or even trebled in the present book. First, all the characters which have been placed so far down in the foreground as to have a fair chance of laying hold on the reader's sympathy, grow worse and worse, as they develop. Abraham Lydahl is somewhat weak in the beginning of the book, more than problematic in the middle, and a complete wretch at the end. Clara, his wife, is a thin nature, singularly mixed together of refinement and coarseness, and she becomes a bundle of un-mixed rascality. What little sympathy any of the principal characters might at first have awakened, is gradually lost or even turned into aversion. Next, when at last the wreck comes, when every character has been steeped in degradation and depravity, when every relation has been dissolved into meanness and foulness, and scandal, and crime lie open in the street, Kielland says—and he says it without the least trace of indignation or equicism, with a dry, cool seriousness, as if he were simply adding together a column of figures in an infallible ledger—that this heap of moral misery is very far from making any disturbance in human life, such as it now is; that, on the contrary, this stinking perversion of human nature fits admirably into the social evolution, such as it now is; that this gateway into hell is the true home for human beings, such as they now are.

The impression is simply horrible. A whole sea of disgust, and not one drop of protest. All the sky hangs low with despair, and not one glimpse of heroism. That wild and weird vision which modern pessimism has conjured up, I

know not whence of the whole human race ending its course on earth by universal suicide, actually draws nearer to the reader. One gasps after a sniff of fresh air. One fumbles after a strip of paper to cling to. The sight is completely unbearable. But then—then came those five golden lines, and with a great halloa, I sent the book dancing toward the ceiling, jumped down the street till I found a place lit up, burst upon the drowsy waiter, and, asking for the best to be had in the den, I placed one goblet over there, toward the northeast, and one in front of myself, poured into the bottom of my purse, and—Skaal Kielland!

Yours truly,

DR. TILLBURY.

THE JOMS-VIKINGS.

THE ICELANDIC SAGA RETOLD BY JNO. B. MILLER.

II. JOMSBORG.

As Olöf, Palnatoke's wife, died the summer after Svend's festival, he took a dislike to Bretland and resolved to pass his time on the seas. He set Björn to rule the kingdom, while he went on Viking cruises with thirty ships, harrying the coasts of Scotland and Ireland, gaining both wealth and fame. In this manner he spent twelve summers; the thirteenth he started with forty ships to plunder the coasts of the Baltic, especially Vendland.

When Burislaf, the king of the Vends, heard of his arrival, he worried, especially as he was told that victory almost always crowned Palnatoke's attempts. He therefore sent messengers to Palnatoke to offer him peace, friendship, and the province of Jom, if he would be the king's friend and help him defend the kingdom. Palnatoke accepted the offer.

He at once built a large and strong fortress on the seashore on both sides of an inlet from the sea, with gigantic walls, and called the place Jomsborg. Inside he made a harbor, so large that three hundred longships could easily find room there. The harbor was secured by iron gates, over which was thrown an immense arch, surmounted by a stone tower, armed with engines for throwing stones.

To draw valiant men thither and to make the place one of strength and power, Palnatoke took counsel with wise men, and made stringent laws for the Jomsborgers. No one was admitted as a member to the fortress who was over fifty or under eighteen years of age. No one, who gave way for an equally armed man, was eligible. No one

must utter a frightened word or show the least sign of fear, however fearful or dangerous the outlook might be. All who joined the brotherhood must promise to avenge each others' death. No one must spread any report, as all matters to be known should first be published by Palnatoke, the chief. No woman was to be allowed in the fortress. No one must be away from the fortress more than three nights without leave from the chief. All booty must be equally divided, and Palnatoke was to rule all, as the chief.

These laws were strictly kept; the Joms-vikings cruised every summer and harried different lands; they were looked upon as the best warriors in the North, no other body of men were thought their equals in prowess or warlike deeds.

Vesete, at that time, was ruling Bornholm; he had two sons—Bue, called the Stout, and Sigurd Kappe; also a daughter—Thorgunna. Bue was not a handsome man, but one of brave appearance; he was quick-tempered, arrogant and strong, a powerful warrior, and a man of few words. Sigurd Kappe was handsome, of easy manners, brave, good in war, but quiet and hard to get along with. Thorgunna was a widow, and King Svend wooed her for Palnatoke's son Aage, whom the king treated with all his former friendship, in spite of the quarrel with the father. The king's wooing being successful, Aage married Thorgunna, and had by her a son named Vagn. Vagn became the largest and handsomest man of his time, and early excelled in feats of arms and all bodily exercises; but, even while very young, he was wild, unruly and hard to manage. Before he was nine years old, he had already killed three men. He often staid with his grandfather Vesete on Bornholm. Of all his kin, he liked Bue the best, to whom he always listened with the utmost respect.

Sealand was then ruled by Harald Jarl, generally called Strutharald, because of a *strut*, or gold feather, which he wore in his hat. He had two sons, Sigvald and Thorkel; also a daughter, Tofa. Sigvald was tall, well formed, quick, active and brave. He had an ill-shaped nose, but beautiful eyes. Thorkel was taller than other men, hence he was called "den Høje," the Tall.* Both brothers were wise and great warriors.

Sigvald and Thorkel fitted out two ships to join the Joms-Vikings, if they could be accepted. Their father, when asked about the matter, ad-

vised them to go, saying: "It is about time you look around and do something for yourselves." They asked him for money and food for their trip, but he said: "You must get what you need for yourselves, or stay at home." They started with two hundred picked men, and, landing on Bornholm, plundered one of Vesete's best farms, from whence they carried off cattle, food, clothing, and other things, and then continued on to Jomsborg, where they lay to before the harbor gates.

Palnatoke went up into the tower, and asked who steered the ships. Sigvald answered: "We are Jarl Strutharald's sons, and wish to join the Jomsborgers, together with those of our men whom you may find worthy." Palnatoke consulted his men, who, however, bade him do as he pleased. The gates were then opened, when Sigvald and Thorkel rowed into the harbor. Their crews were then tried according to the laws of Jomsborg; half of them were accepted, while the rest had to return. No one stood higher in Palnatoke's favor than Strutharald's sons.

When Vesete heard how Strutharald's sons had plundered his richest farm, he ordered his own sons to keep quiet, while he went to the king and laid the whole matter before him. King Svend said: "Do nothing about it at present, for I will send word to Strutharald, and ask him to pay for what his sons took from you." Vesete went home, and Svend sent for Harald, who came at once. When the king asked him to make good what his sons had plundered from Vesete, he answered: "I have no money with which to pay for the misdeeds of young men; besides, they only took a few cattle and sheep for food." Then said the king: "You can go home again, but now you must protect yourself and your goods from the wrath of Vesete's sons, for I will have nothing more to do with this matter, as you will not follow my advice. I think, however, that you are making a bad choice." The Jarl answered: "I shall know how to take care of myself; besides, I am afraid neither of Vesete nor of his sons."

As soon as Vesete's sons learned what had taken place between the king and Strutharald, and what were the last words of the Jarl, they sailed for Sealand, plundered three of Harald's richest farms, and then returned home. This raid was soon known to Harald, who, mindful of what the king had told him, now sent men to King Svend, asking him to make his peace with Vesete, and to judge the matter between them; but the king answered: "As Harald Jarl would

* Later, one of the great Danish Jarls who governed England.

not follow my advice when this matter could easily have been settled, he must now take care of himself." When Harald heard this, he fitted out ten ships, landed on Bornholm, pillaged a large tract there, and then returned, with fully as much booty as Vesete's sons had carried away from Sealand. Vesete, as soon as he learned this new outrage, went again to the king, and, after having laid the whole matter before him, added: "I fear these raids will cause strife in the land, if you do not soon step in to stop it." The king answered: "I will soon go to Isöre-Thing, where I will cite Harald to appear; there you shall make friends according to the judgment of the wise men of the land, and my decision."

At the appointed time the king came to the Thing-sted with fifty ships; Strutharald came with twenty, and Vesete with three, but his sons did not come. Vesete pitched his tents down by the sea, next to the place of meeting; Strutharald pitched his higher up, and the king between them. Late in the evening, ten ships came sailing in from Harald's home, which was close to the Thing. Their anchors were cast, while the chiefs came ashore with their crews, who, fully armed and in battle array, advanced to the open space set apart for holding the Thing. They were Vesete's sons. Bue, who was wearing a splendid gold embroidered robe belonging to Strutharald, as well as the Jarl's hat with the renowned gold-strut, said: "Jarl Harald, if you know the things you see me wear, and are man enough to take them back, then I am ready to fight you." But the king stepped between them, and said he would judge the matter. In the meantime, Bue wanted to keep the ornaments, together with two chests of gold they had taken from the Jarl's house; but the king said: "That is too much; you may keep the gold, for which I will give Harald other property, but you must return him his ornaments; it would be too great a disgrace if he did not get them back." The end of the matter was that Bue returned the robe and hat, but kept the gold; Sigurd Kappe was to marry Harald's daughter, Tofa, and get as dowry the three farms Bue and Sigurd had plundered. All parties were pleased with this, and left the Thing for Strutharald's, where the wedding was held with great pomp and festivities. Tofa returned with Vesete and his sons to Bornholm.

Shortly after this Bue said he would go to Jomsborg, there to seek wealth and honor, and Sigurd would go too, though he had but lately been married. They fitted out two ships, as they

wished to do everything just as Strutharald's sons had done. Arriving at Jomsborg, they were hailed from the watch-tower by Palnatoke, who was there with Sigvald and Thorkel. Bue stated their wishes, when Sigvald asked: "How did you and my father settle the troubles you had before you left Denmark?" Bue answered: "So many things happened between us that it would be too long a story to tell here, but the end of the matter was that King Svend settled everything between us and pleased us all." Then said Palnatoke to the Jomsvikings: "Will you dare trust these men's word? I am rather in favor of taking them, for I think time will show that very few among us are their equals in prowess." The Jomsvikings answered: "If you think best, we wish these men taken into our brotherhood; should anything come up against them later, of which we now know nothing, then they, as well as everything else here, shall be judged by you." The harbor gates were then opened and they came in. Their crews were tried, as was the custom; but a third of them were sent back.

When Vagn Aageson had reached the age of twelve, he had become so unruly that his kinsfolk could do nothing with him; they therefore decided his father should give him a ship and fifty men, and his grandfather, Vesete, should give the same. None of the men were over twenty, nor less than eighteen years old. Vagn said he wanted nothing else; as for food, clothing and other things needed, he would manage to get them for himself.

He left home with his young warriors, and sailed along the Danish coasts, where he plundered without mercy, getting all the food, clothing, and arms he wanted for his men. Then he steered for Jomsborg, where he arrived shortly before sundown. Palnatoke, Sigvald, Thorkel, Bue, and Sigurd were in the watch-tower over the harbor gates, and asked who they were. Vagn answered by asking if Palnatoke was in the fortress. Palnatoke said: "I am Palnatoke; but who are you, that come in so bold a manner." Vagn answered: "I will not hide my name from you. My name is Vagn, and I am your grandson. I have come to join your brotherhood. As they could not get along with me very well at home, my kinsfolk, hought they had seen enough of me, and preferred that I should shift for myself." "Do you think, kinsman," answered Palnatoke, "you can get along here any better than you could at home?" Said Vagn: "You have been sadly belied, kinsman, if you are not able

to manage me in such a way that I shall become a good and useful member of your brotherhood; and I trust you will receive us honorably, now we have come here." Palnatoke turned to the Jomsvikings and asked them if they thought it best to accept his kinsman, Vagn. Bue answered: "Though Vagn thinks more of me than of any other of his kinsmen, yet it is my advice that he is never allowed to enter this fortress." Palnatoke then said to Vagn: "The men here are against your coming into the fortress; even your own kinsmen, who know you best, are against you." "Do those men standing by you," asked Vagn, "speak against me? I had not expected that from my kinsman Bue." "Yet so it is," answered Bue. "What do Strutharald's sons have to say in this matter?" asked Vagn. "We stand by what has been said," answered Sigvald, "and with our will you shall never be one of us." Then Palnatoke asked: "How old are you, kinsman?" "I shall not lie about it," said Vagn, "I am twelve years old." "Then you cannot come into our brotherhood," answered Palnatoke, "for you have not yet by many years reached the age fixed by our laws." "I do not want you to break your laws for me," said Vagn, "but you will not break them if I am found to be as brave as those who have reached the eighteen years or more." "It is best you forego your purpose of joining us," said Palnatoke, "but because of our kin, I will send you to Björn in Bretland, and give you half of my kingdom there." "It is a friendly offer, and a good one," answered Vagn, "yet I will not accept it." "What, then, will you have, my wild kinsman," cried Palnatoke, "if you will not accept so good an offer?" "That I will tell you, Jomsvikings," answered Vagn, "I challenge Sigvald with two ships and a hundred men to fight me with equal numbers. If he retreats, then you shall accept us; but if fate serves me as I hope to treat him, then we shall sail away. I, therefore, dare you, Sigvald, to fight me, if you have the courage of a man, and are not a cowardly cur." "This boy is not like others of his age," cried Palnatoke. "You hear, Sigvald, how little he spares you, though you are a warrior of note; and yet, I think he will give your hands enough to do before you are through with him. But as the challenge is so strong, you must for your own sake and reputation accept it. Should my kinsman, however, not be as victorious as he with his big words would make us think, I beg you will spare the boy's life and limbs, for I should be sorry if he were hurt."

Sigvald then sailed out of the harbor with two ships, but was at once attacked by Vagn and his young warriors with such a storm of stones that it was all he could do to cover himself with his shields. When the stones gave out, they took to the swords, which Vagn's men used with such effect that Sigvald had to retreat to the beach, where he meant to gather stones for a fresh onset. But Vagn followed them ashore, where the fight was renewed with such fury that Sigvald was driven back to the castle gates. They were, however, closed. Palnatoke, who, with the other chieftains, had watched the fight, ordered the gates opened to save Sigvald.

"This boy is not for every child to play with," said Palnatoke, "and you hardly strive with your equal, Sigvald, when you fight my young kinsman; but, as it has been proven enough, it is best to stop this play. Therefore it is my advice, if you all agree, that we accept the young man as one of us, even if he is somewhat younger than we had fixed by law. It is doubtful if any of you can master him." Palnatoke's word was enough; the gates were opened, and Vagn with all his men were admitted as members among the Jomsvikings. Thirty men had been killed, and many wounded, on both sides during the fight. The stern discipline of Jomsborg soon cured Vagn of his unruliness, and he now became as discreet as he was valiant. He went cruising, like the other Jomsvikings, and was always victorious.

Three years after Vagn had been admitted to Jomsborg, Palnatoke fell ill. As he was then well along in years, he believed this disease would prove his end; wherefore, he sent for King Burislaf to come to Jomsborg. When the king came, Palnatoke said to him: "As I am getting very old, I think I shall die from this disease, and therefore advise you to appoint another chieftain in my place. Of all who might hold it, I think Sigvald is the fittest, though all of them lack something of being what I have been." The king answered: "As your advice has always been of benefit to me, I will also follow this, which seems, I am sorry to say, to be your last."

Palnatoke then gave his grandson, Vagn, half of his kingdom in Bretland, for him to own and rule jointly with Björn, and recommended him highly to the friendship of the Jomsvikings, and especially to King Burislaf.

Shortly after, the noble hero died.

Sigvald now became the chief ruler in Jomsborg, but it was not long before the discipline

relaxed. Women came into the fortress, and staid there two or three days at a time, and the men would stay out longer than their laws allowed them, without being punished; and sometimes there would even be strife and murder among the vikings there.

(To be continued.)

THE LITTLE COLLIER-BOY.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF E. G. GELJER, BY K. A. LINDERFELT.

"At the charking stack father sits waiting for me,
Mother at home is a-spinning.
In time I, too, shall a man grow to be,
And get a sweetheart, tender and winning.
It is so dark far off in the forest.

"With the sun from home this morning I went—
Speed on, while its rays are beaming!
With food to father my mother me sent;
And now it will soon be evening.
It is so dark far off in the forest.

"I am not afraid, though alone I be,
On my path through forest and meadows;
But the fir-trees look down so gloomy on me,
And long are the mountain's shadows.
It is so dark far off in the forest.

"Tra-la-la!—Merry I am as a bird!
I will shorten my way by singing.
Hush! From the mountain an answer I heard,
And the words sound strange and ringing.
It is so dark far off in the forest.

"Oh, I wish with my father I were:
I hear bruin grumble, so vicious and angry.
Twelve men's strength, it is said, has the bear,
And he spares no one, when hungry.
It is so dark far off in the forest.

"Deep shadows are falling from tree and rock,
On my lone path they crowd together.
It rustles, it rattles over stone and stock,
And the goblins dance on the heather.
It is so dark far off in the forest.

"Oh, God! There's one, there are two, with gestures wild;
In their nets they me surely will hamper.
They beckon! God help me, poor little child!
It is best for dear life to scamper.
It is so dark far off in the forest."

And night had descended, the day was gone,
And the path grows darker and dimmer.
It rustles, it rattles over stock and stone:
The little one runs on the heather.
It is so dark far off in the forest.

With heart beating wildly and cheeks rosy red,
He drops by the side of his father;
In reply to whose welcome, he whispering said:
"I have seen the goblins, oh father!
It is so dark far off in the forest."

"My son! I have sat here many a day,
And no harm has me ever befallen.
Whoever rightly his prayers can say,
He fears neither devil nor goblin;
Though it be dark far off in the forest."

WIVES, SUBMIT YOURSELVES UNTO YOUR HUSBANDS.

BY KRISTOFER JANSON.

IV.

Some days later there came a knock at the priest's door, and in came the strange lady who had been an involuntary guest in Ola's house. She was shown into the study, where the priest sat writing his sermon for the next Sunday. He turned in his chair, and then rose at once, with a polite greeting.

"I am the sister of one of the neighboring farmers, the American, who lives a short distance down the river, and I am the wife of the superintendent of schools in this county," said the lady.

"Ah, indeed! Is there anything that I can do to serve you?"

"I hear, to my astonishment," said the lady, as she sat down, "that nearly all the Norwegian children have been taken out of the common school, and that this is said to be owing to your advice. Is that true?"

"I have no authority over the children of the peasants," answered the priest; "but I deem it my duty to give my parishioners my opinion in so important a question, and it is not favorable to the common school. Furthermore, I am determined to do all that is in my power to admonish them against sending their children there, for I honestly believe they will endanger their souls' salvation in these schools."

The lady turned upon him a pair of astonished eyes.

"I do not understand you," was all she said.

"I will explain myself more definitely," said the priest, in a tone of confident superiority. "According to my opinion, every school that is not founded upon religious instruction is a heathen school, and should be an abomination to Christians."

"But how can the common school meddle with

religious instruction in a country where one child comes from a Roman Catholic home, another from a Reformed, a third from a Lutheran, and so on? It is to the honor of the common school that, with proper deference to those principles of religion regarding which all agree, it still does not enforce on anybody its special interpretations of the truths of religion."

"I am perfectly willing to admit that a common instruction in religion is an impossibility in this country, and that, therefore, the public school is justly neutral," replied the priest; "but that's the reason why a common school is an impossibility in this land of mixed elements. Each church should establish parochial schools, if it sets any value on the confession of faith that has been handed down from its fathers."

"But these sectarian schools do not seem to be forthcoming; at all events, you have not yet started one, and meanwhile the children are growing up in idleness and ignorance. Is *this* state of affairs better than what the common school has to offer?"

"Of the two evils, I prefer what you call ignorance and idleness. For the latter, by the way, there is but little time out here on the prairies. If the children are kept away from school, they are also kept away from spiritual contagion. And how can they be otherwise than spiritually infected, when they sit side by side on the same bench with Roman Catholics, and Baptists, to say nothing of those belonging to the so-called conference and Augustina synod—societies that adorn themselves with the Lutheran name, but deny its spirit—and perhaps at the same time have a complete free-thinker for a teacher. In the common school our children will be tainted with doubts and suspicions regarding the articles of faith of their own society, and thus enter upon the road that leadeth to destruction."

"My good pastor, do you really mean that your little bit of a community, which we Americans scarcely know by name, is the only one in the world that has the true faith?"

"If I were not convinced of this, my dear lady, I should not officiate as a minister in this denomination," replied the priest, with an air of proud superiority.

"But if your children of the pure doctrine can't escape comradeship with the children of these diverse heresies *at school*, they certainly cannot do so in their plays and duties *outside* of school, as long as these children live in the same settlement. And can it harm the Lutheranism,

or whatever you may call it, of these children to learn arithmetic, and geography, and reading in the language of their new fatherland? Religion should surely be chiefly the affair of the home and of the priest. And the very fact of their holding intercourse with the children of other sects should teach them respect for those who cherish other beliefs; should exercise them in Christian tolerance."

"We have different opinions upon this subject, my dear lady. According to my opinion, every believer who is true to his faith should be *intolerant*: for, if his faith be a matter of conscience to him, he should shun all others as delusions and snares; he should rather strive to convert all others to his standpoint, than to enter into harmonious relations with them. And, in my eyes, every school that is *without* religion is the same as a school to break down religion. 'Whosoever is not with me, is against me,' says Christ. To refer religion to the homes is well enough, but we all know how most homes are, and the priest must have a foundation to build upon, which he knows to be reliable, and this foundation can only be laid by a religious school."

"But do you not take into consideration that the children whose education is in question are to be American citizens? Ought not they to learn the language and the institutions of this country?"

"First of all, we have our duties to our God and to our own souls, my dear lady, and then our duties to our race and to our native tongue. And just because the spiritual life of your country is mingled with a mass of free-thinking elements; just because good and evil must grow up here in unrestrained freedom, your language will open channels to bring our people many corrupting thoughts and tendencies, from which I should decidedly prefer to keep our people aloof."

"But do not you see that it is a political crime to use a foreign land as you would a good milch cow, which you can tap and tap without making any return. America yields your poor working-people food, clothes, prosperity, freedom, and what do you give her in return, when you shut these people out from our spiritual life and our language?"

"We cultivate your wildernesses and prairies," replied the priest. "We furnish your railroads with freight, and your millers with timber and grain."

"Because you yourselves derive advantage from so doing," interposed the lady; "but in reality you bring up your people to shun and secretly despise their benefactor."

"That is your view of the case, not mine," replied the priest.

"I am astonished at what I have heard," said the lady; "and I thank you for the frankness with which you have expressed yourself. I shall not hesitate, now, to point out your church organization as one of the most dangerous elements in our West—one which should be closely watched."

"I thank you for being willing to honor us with so much notice," replied the priest, with an ironical movement of the head.

"The reason why I opened this conversation," continued the lady, without allowing herself to become irritated, "was that the subject was one of deep concern to a new Norwegian friend of mine here."

"Ah, indeed—and who is that, may I ask?"

"It is farmer Ola Moe's wife. Do you know her?"

"Yes, slightly—she is by no means talkative."

"Because she is too sensible and too well educated to feel at home in the narrow limits, where so alarming a degree of ignorance abounds, that you have assigned to your countrymen as their place of sojourn. She suffers under it."

"Does she?"

"Her husband has compelled her to take their children out of the common school, and as no other has been offered them in its place, the poor little things are growing up in the most profound ignorance."

"I am very sorry for them; I hope our own school will be ready soon."

"So you have hoped for this many a year! But this is not the only complaint Mrs. Moe has to bring forward. Do you know that her husband abuses her?"

"That I can scarcely believe—I have always found him to be a man especially deserving of respect."

"Ah, there it is—you men will never believe a complaint when it comes from the wife's side. But I have seen this with my own eyes."

And the lady related all that she had experienced.

"It pains me deeply to hear this," said the priest; "and I shall certainly speak to Ola about it. But has not his wife rather a defiant and rebellious nature?"

"On the contrary, her fault has been that she is too little defiant and obstinate; that is to say, she has permitted him to tyrannize over her," replied the lady.

"No woman can be too long-suffering," said the priest.

"Yes she can, when her patient endurance degrades her and injures others. I know very well your barbarous ideal of a wife: one who shall be her husband's servant."

"There surely must be one head in the house, one will, and both the laws of society and the plain testimony of Holy Writ have given this place to the husband. Would matters be better, think you, if the relations were changed, so that the husband should be the wife's servant, as I hear is now the fashion? He comes in weary from his day's work, while she has been sitting on her sofa reading novels, and then it is: 'Tom, bring me some water! Tom, put some fuel on the fire! Tom, put the kettle on! Tom, brush my shoes! Tom, see to the baby!'"

"Such women exist in your imagination alone, my good pastor," replied the lady, with heightened color in her cheeks. "In this manner you strive to dismiss with caricature and derision a serious demand of society. But just wait awhile—time will teach you otherwise."

"Then we must wait for time!" said the priest, patronizingly.

"I will not allow myself to enter into any dispute here concerning the rights of woman. I am sufficiently posted in all your arguments. I will merely call your attention to Emma Moe's unhappy position, and beg of you, who are the only educated man among the Norwegians here, to help her."

"I shall look into the matter, and do my best," replied the priest.

"And now I must beg your pardon for having occupied so much of your time," said the lady, and rose from her seat.

"Not at all—it has been extremely interesting to me to make your acquaintance."

The priest followed the lady to the door, helped her into the sleigh, and she drove away. He afterward had occasion more than once to think of this conversation.

V.

Shortly after this the priest met Ola.

"See here, Ola," said he, "there is a matter I should like very much to talk with you about. Is it true that you abuse your wife?"

Ola grew very red in the face, and paused a moment.

"Is that what people are saying?" said he, by way of reply, and assuming a look of injured innocence.

"Yes; you are said to have struck her."

"Has she been to you herself with complaints?" asked Ola, bestowing a keen look upon the priest.

"Not she—but it does not in the least affect the matter how it came to my ears—the question is, whether you have really done this thing."

"Well, the Lord have mercy on me, yes!" replied Ola, and something like a sob choked his utterance. "But indeed the priest can have no idea what a daily trial that woman is to me. A farmer should never marry any one but a sturdy woman, who can endure work. My wife never forgets that she was born a lady, you see, and so she considers herself too good for one thing and another."

"But surely that is no reason why you should abuse her?"

"No; that is true—I grew angry, and then I lost all control over myself," whined Ola. "But the priest may believe me when I say it is not so easy, when one has slaved and toiled, and finally got well started in life, suddenly to lose everything, and all because of a woman's obstinacy and negligence."

"Why, how was that?" asked the priest, astonished.

"I had expressly told my wife she must water and feed the cattle before a storm broke over us—but, do you believe, she would not do so. When the storm was over, four of my cows were found dead in their stalls, and half of my crops totally destroyed. Such things are hard to bear, priest, and so I grew angry, and not knowing what I was about, I struck her—yes; it is true."

"We should always try to exercise self-control, Ola, and it does not do to——"

"Yes, yes, I know—but the priest should——"

"Perhaps the work is too hard for her," interrupted the priest. "Not every one can endure the same amount of labor, you see."

"Too hard!" exclaimed Ola. "Why, the pastor should have seen how my mother had to work! That was a different matter, I can tell you. She went quietly about her duties, and never so much as opened her lips to complain. Besides, it seems to me, the priest himself has preached that a woman should be subject to her husband."

"To be sure, but for that very reason the husband should exercise his rights with wisdom and moderation."

"But if she will not obey—what then?"

"Come, let us go in and talk with your wife," said the priest, as they had now nearly reached Ola's farm.

Emma was in the family sitting-room, engaged in sprinkling the clothes for ironing. She still bore the blue marks in her face from her husband's blows. The color rose to her pale cheeks as she saw the priest.

"Is the pastor out taking a walk," said she, while Ola offered him a chair.

The priest looked at her.

"What is the matter with your face?" said he.

"You must ask my husband about it," replied Emma, continuing with her work.

Ola sighed and looked repentant.

"Your husband has just told me the whole thing. He deplores and deeply repents what he has done, and he has promised himself that this shall never happen again. Is not this so, Ola?"

Ola sighed again and nodded his head.

"And so you, on your side, must promise to be more yielding," continued the priest, in a coaxing tone. "You must remember that you have promised your husband submission in all things."

"That I have never promised," said Emma, seizing a heap of clothes, which she at once began to spread out on the table.

"You heard, however, the word of God when you were married, stating that man is the head of the woman, just as Christ is the head of the church, and that your husband was to be your lord."

"That is true; it is expressly stated," interposed Ola.

Emma clenched her teeth, but made no reply.

"And I trust you will not rebel against the Lord's clear testimony," continued the priest. "Ola will surely aid and support you as a loving husband should. Will you not, Ola?"

"The priest may depend upon that. I do not think she shall have it to say of me that I work too little. Do you think you will, Emma?"

"There has never been cause of complaint of that," replied Emma. "I should be happier if you worked less, and had more time to spare for your wife and children."

"Work guards us against temptation," here put in the priest.

"Work guards us against temptation," repeated Ola. "Do you hear that, Emma?"

"So, then, I hope this unpleasantness was merely temporary, and will never be repeated again," said the priest, and rose from his seat. "And now, peace be to this house! To you," turning to Emma, and grasping her hand, "I wish a spirit of humility and obedience that becomes a Christian woman. As for you, Ola,"—

and here he patted Ola on the shoulder—"I hope you will learn to be forbearing, and to control your passionate nature."

Ola heaved another sigh, and, with uncovered head, went out with the priest.

"Do you hear that, Emma?" said he, when he came back. "The priest takes my part. Now, the Dickens! you shall obey me, or we will see who rules in this house." Emma made no reply.

VI.

One day Emma was notified that a package, accompanied by a letter, had arrived at the post-office for her. It was seldom, indeed, that such a thing happened, and so the announcement aroused Emma's curiosity. As good luck would have it, Ola was not at home when the message came, and so Emma dressed for a walk and went down to the post-office herself. Both the letter and package were from her American friend. The letter was so full of affection, so full of comprehension of Emma's unhappy lot, that Emma burst into passionate tears, and felt as happy over it as a child with a new toy. The letter, too, gave her such courage; it counseled her to endeavor to shake off her chains a little, and simply to refuse to do what was unsuitable for her, and could not be endured by her for any length of time. This sounded like an enticing song to Emma, but she shrank from it; she dared not venture even now. It was a package of books that accompanied the letter, treatises on the social position of woman, and the steps that should be taken to ameliorate her condition. Emma hid them away in her chest. She managed to read them page by page in the rare moments she could steal from her hard toil, and it seemed to her that this reading made her strong. So, then, there was such a thing as struggle and toil combined with brighter existences than hers! All her old love of reading awoke in her, and it seemed to her that she would give years of her life if she could only pass a little time amid these happier sisters, hear, and see, and read. As a bird imprisoned in its cage in spring-time must look on its free comrades swinging themselves in the tree-tops, twittering, loving, enjoying their lives; or as a lame child from its lonely retirement must watch the play of other children, and find amusement in the sight—so, too, Emma, every time she read these books, gazed out over the sunny expanses where dwelt and labored happier people than she, and felt that it was joy to behold the scenes of their activities, even if she could never enter into them.

After some time longer had passed by, she succeeded in writing a letter, in which she expressed her gratitude, and there came an answer with new books, together with reports of meetings where the cause of woman was discussed. Emma had been wily enough to ask to have the letter addressed to a neighbor's wife, so that this game was carried on without Ola's having the least suspicion of it. And Emma felt more and more liberated in her soul; but the greater her intellectual and spiritual growth the more she became impressed with the untenability and impossibility of her position. When Ola drove to the nearest town with his farm products, he most frequently was gone all night, and the nights when he was absent were for the most part devoted by Emma to the perusal of her books. So great was the exhaustion of the following days, however, that it seemed as though it were impossible for her to keep up with her work. Moreover, she was expecting a little one in the spring time, and for this reason she had less strength than usual. She saw plainly that if things continued in the present way, it would kill her in a short time. She must venture on a bold stroke, and she chose an evening when Ola seemed to be in a good humor. She had on her tongue several times what she wanted to say, but she could not bring it to utterance. Her heart throbbed so violently and her hands grew so damp, that the knitting she was busied with became frightfully moist. Ola sat with his feet on the fender, warming himself and yawning.

"Ola, after this, you will have to hire help for me," was what burst out finally. "I shall not be able to hold out much longer as things now are."

Ola merely turned his head and stared, so utterly unexpected came this attack.

"Help!" said he, finally, after he had somewhat recovered himself. "Have you lost your senses? Help! now, when you have ruined all we owned."

"That is not true; you have abundant means to hire help if you only choose," came with the utmost calmness from his quiet wife.

Ola stared again, as though a revelation had been made to him. Could it really be Emma who was saying this to him?

"In the condition I am in now, I cannot work as hard as you compel me," continued Emma calmly; "and even if I were able I will not."

"Will not?" The words almost stuck fast in Ola's throat.

"Yes, will not. Life was given us for something else than to wear ourselves out with toil

when there is no necessity for it, and it is no longer necessary for us."

"I think you——"

"We have duties to our minds as well as to our bodies," Emma went on. "It is our duty to enjoy the pleasure and beauty around us, and to live in communion with our fellow-creatures."

Ola had turned completely around on his stool.

"Duties—mind—beauty—are—are you out of your senses, woman?"

"I have played the part of servant-girl to you long enough," continued Emma, courageously, and I shall do it no longer. To-morrow you must get some one who will tend the cattle, scrub the floors, and help me with the washing."

Ola had sprung from his seat, and was restlessly pacing the floor. His nostrils quivered, and it was plain to see that his blood was boiling within him. Finally he paused in front of Emma. She dared not look up, but went feverishly on with her knitting. His burning eye seemed to pierce her. The goaded bull was ready to gore her.

"Take back your words, woman, or by the living God I will break every bone in your body," shrieked he, and brought down his fist with such violence on the table that the lamp was nearly overturned.

Emma suddenly threw back her head, and looked at him. She was deathly pale, but her luminous eyes were fixed full on him.

"You can kill me on the spot," said she, calmly; "but not one step shall you make me take beyond what I choose to do myself. You may go to the priest to-morrow, if you will, and tell him how well you have kept your promise."

Ola crossed the floor, hastily put on his hat and coat, and left the house. But no sooner was he gone than Emma had to support herself against the table for a moment, and then totter off to get some water. She had conquered temporarily; but what would the consequences be? She dared not wait until her husband returned. She crept hurriedly into bed, and buried herself beneath the clothes.

A while later, Ola came in, with his hat drawn down over his eyes. He said not a word, but his face was as dark as before. Had he been out to get a revolver? Was he going to murder her? She drew her head still further in under the covers, yet in such a way that through an opening she could follow all his movements. He did not go and look at the children, as was his wont, before seeking his own bed. He simply went and undressed himself. He blew out the lamp, and

climbed over her. Emma lay there and trembled. But no; there came not the least sign of violence. He turned toward the wall, and lay very still, and Emma began to breathe more freely. Suddenly he moved, and without saying one word, gave her such a kick that she rolled from the bed and lay sprawling on the floor.

As soon as Emma could recover from the shock, she got up, and stood, with her bare feet on the cold floor, shivering.

"Is it your intention that I shall lie on the floor to-night?" she asked, meekly.

"You may sleep where you please, but into this bed you shall not come," was Ola's reply.

Emma hunted up some blankets, spread them on the bench, and wrapped herself up in them as well as she could, after she had gathered together the children's shoes and made of them a bundle to place under her head, and then she sought the sleep that refused to visit her eyelids. Too many thoughts stormed through her brain, and the fear lest Ola should rise up and murder her was so great that she could not sleep. At the first peep of dawn she was already stirring. She kindled the fire, made the coffee, and prepared the breakfast. Ola, too, rose, and put on his clothes without a word. He sat at the table for a while, with his full coffee cup before him, but he did not taste it. Presently he sprang to his feet, and went out. He was evidently revolving something in his mind, but what it was Emma could not conjecture. She dressed the little children, one by one, as they woke up, and she was unusually tender with them. When Ola came in again, she was standing by the table, washing dishes. He walked right up to her.

"Will you give way, Emma?" he asked, in a harsh tone. "Will you?"

Emma went on wiping the dishes.

"No!" said she, calmly and firmly.

The moment she had spoken, she felt the grip of her husband's hands, like iron clamps, on her shoulder, and she was rather carried than dragged across the floor, and placed with such force against the wall that it creaked and groaned.

"Will you? Answer me—will you?" he shrieked; and, holding her in front of him, he shook her as though she were a piece of carpet.

"Remember, you are destroying your own child, Ola," she shrieked, in her anguish.

The firm grasp suddenly relaxed, Ola let go of her and again went hastily out. The children, in their fright, had hidden in the corners; now they set up a common howl, but their mother was not in a condition to speak a word to them.

Ola did not come home until noon, but he returned in the evening earlier than was his want.

"Have the cattle had their evening care?" asked he, roughly.

"No," replied Emma; "I told you I was no longer able to attend to them."

Ola did not speak a word, but he went out and attended to the cattle himself.

For several days this silent warfare lasted. Ola hired no help, but in addition to his own work he did such of his wife's work as she declared she would have nothing further to do with. But he saw plainly that this could not go on permanently; and, besides, he could not bring himself to get down on his knees and scrub the floor. Not one word was exchanged between them, but Emma kept rigidly to what she had said. So Ola had to bring help into the house, but from that day forth he hated his wife, and tried to annoy her in every possible way. Emma had a dearly-bought victory. Ola systematically speculated upon how he should make her life uncomfortable. He heaped a hundred trifles and hindrances in her way; he pursued her with derisive and provoking words; he misinterpreted her every remark in order to distort it into something absurd and wrong. He actually seemed to be watching for her weak moments in order to strike his blow. But the worst of all was that he taught the children to disregard their mother, and to be pert and disobedient to her. He not only tolerated, but he encouraged, by his own laughter, the most shameful behavior of the children. He would say to them:

"You see, we are simple peasants; that is what we are, but mother there is something so exclusive and refined; she is a lady—it would never do for her to scrub the floor or milk the cows—blessings on me! no, indeed, that is too common for her! We ought to be glad that she will condescend to stay with us, and eat our porridge and wear every-day clothes."

Sometimes Emma flushed with indignation, but she always managed to preserve a dignified silence. More than once she opened her chest, took out the ten dollar bill and looked at it. Should she use it? There was, in very truth, no place for her here, now that her husband had stolen from her the hearts of her children. Since she had had more time at her disposal, she had tried a little English with the children, but scarcely had Ola found this out than he said:

"Throw away the books! We are not going to make priests of the children, whatever we do, and they are better off in the fields with me."

In all her plans he put a disturbing finger, even if in reality he had nothing against them; it was enough for him to know that they came from her. To speak figuratively, day was passed between thorns and ice.

Then came the time when she gave birth to her child. It was a little girl. Emma was desperately ill, and it seemed as though she could not regain her strength. The little one was restless, and screamed almost incessantly. The mother had undergone too much physical and mental distress both before its birth and when it was born, to allow the babe to be healthy. Ola had much to say about this eternal squalling by day and by night. Emma wept and pressed this little child of pain closer to her own shriveled breast.

It was already the tenth day, and still Emma kept her bed. Ola went round grumbling and scolding the whole time. Finally, one morning he stood beside his wife's bed.

"Do you mean to lie here the rest of your lifetime?" said he, roughly. "And do you think I can keep a person to wait on you and take care of the brat in these busy times?"

"Let me lie here in peace a little while longer, Ola," besought Emma. "I feel that I am too weak to do anything yet. You do not understand such things—you that have never been ill."

Ola stood there, looking at her coldly.

"But you must get up now; everything has to have an end; and, as he spoke, he made a movement to raise her.

"Don't touch me," cried Emma, "or I can tell you it will be the last time you shall ever see me."

"Well, then, go to Jericho, both you and your brat," replied Ola; and with this he lifted her out of bed, laid her flat on the floor, and put himself in her place on the bed.

Emma at first lay like one stunned; then she gained command of herself, put on her clothes, and tried to stand on her feet. She was forced to take hold of the side of the table, and she staggered as she crossed the floor.

"You see you can, if you only will," said Ola, and off he went to his work.

Emma looked after him. Yes, now the last bond was broken between them. Now or never what she had to do must be done. It would be many hours before Ola came home again, as he was busied with the spring plowing at some distance from the house. The train left at noon. Everything depended on getting to the station in time. She tottered up to the loft, and took her bank-note out of the chest. Her most necessary

clothes she put together in a bundle, placed with them a little bread and meat, and then begged her eldest son to harness up the horse that had just come home after the first plowing of the morning. Her son muttered something about the horse needing food and rest, but Emma gave the order a second time, and in so stern a tone that he obeyed. Meanwhile, she dressed her little one, and wrapped her well up in the shawl. It was beautiful, warm, sunny weather, so she did not need much extra clothing. Her son came in and announced that the horse was ready; but now Emma broke down. She threw herself over the table, and sobbed piteously. Then she clasped her other little ones in her arms, and, crying "Good-bye, good-bye, dear little darlings!" she wept as though her heart would burst. She now got into the wagon, and bade her son drive her as fast as he could to the railroad station. She did not once look behind her. The station was reached in time; the whistle of the locomotive had just been sounded, and away she was borne.

It was late in the evening when she reached Minneapolis. She could not find her way alone in the great city, nor was she able to walk. So she took a cab, and bade the coachman drive to the address of her brother. The curtain was not drawn down in the sitting-room of her brother's home, and she could see a man sitting inside reading his newspapers. She paid the coachman, seized her baby and her bundle, tottered up the steps, and knocked at the door. When the glitter of the lamp fell on her eyes, and the brother stood in the door, Emma sank down on the threshold.

"I am your sister Emma," whispered she. "For heaven's sake, save me, and let me stay here to-night."

Her brother tenderly and carefully raised the poor swooning form toward the lamp, and then looked with surprise at her, and with inquiry toward his wife.

At home on the table Ola found a note, in which was written, in lead pencil: "You wished to-day that I and the child might go to Jericho; now we are gone. Farewell. ЕММА."

IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

L. J. HOLLENIUS.

To be endowed with talent, wit and beauty,
Is often thought to be supremely bless'd;
But she who lovingly fulfills her duty,
A golden harvest reaps of peace and rest.

THE CROSS OF DANEVED.

Over the road from Fr derikshavn to Skagen, in Denmark, walked a man with a heavy burden; you saw it on the white lip, in the languid eye, from the occasional weary gesture of his arms to his head—for the burden was not a physical one.

The country through which he passed was desolate in the extreme. Long strips of meadow-land, called *dopper*, and running parallel with the coast, stretched at his right, while here and there between them rose immense walls of sand, meagerly covered with heather. As his rapid pace left the breadth of the promontory behind him, he was obliged to strike a path that hugged the shore. Here the sand lay solid, and his progress was less difficult. He climbed the enormous drifts patiently, setting his face like a flint to the gale. That he was near the end of his journey, he knew by the poor patches of barley that fringed the way, and by the emaciated cattle, driven by jaded women and boys. His appearance was notably in contrast with the faded, common blonds whom he passed. The face was nearer round than oval, but with a toss of sombre hair on the temples that gave length to its contour. The eyes, close to the brows of which swept a lock of this dark hair, shone supernaturally deep and large from the pale face. The nose was straight, but rounded slightly at the end, conforming with the curl of the upper lip. There were dawning lines about the mouth as of new experience, lines that had turned from sad to hard. What was he to do with his life here? he asked himself. But to know why he was here, and from whence he had come, it is necessary to go a little back.

The sun blazed down upon the porcelain works of the Messrs. Rund & Sond hl with defiant energy, as if challenging the furnaces. Two men had been carried in a faint from the decorative department, and most of those who remained were stripped to the waist. The perspiration poured down their backs in streams, and every head was compressed in a wet bandage. In the street without it was even worse; such as stepped to the door for air came back quickly. Annoyances with the fluxing materials were constantly occurring, and the rooms were charged with an aggravated odor of chemicals.

One young fellow who held a beaker of crimson fluid in his hand, dropped it suddenly, and turned ashen gray; but having wrung out his bandage, and bound it again on his head, drawing the knot tightly, he took up his pencils and resumed the

task that occupied him. The face of this young man was firm-mouthed, with a square determination of chin; but the eyes were nervous and not happy in expression. He wore a coarse blue blouse, yet as he held up a bit of porcelain to the light, examining it critically, he showed a majestic turn of the head and throat.

The overseer had gone out, and a rattle of loose talk filled the gap of his absence; but the man whose table was ticketed "Daneved," added nothing to it. The plaque in his hands was unfinished, and he did not lay it down, even when the great bell struck, and a thousand men rushed out as one.

"You had better stop work," said the overseer, letting down the chain of the door, and shaking it in his hand officially. "You've been in this foul air long enough."

Daneved, without speaking, gathered up his tools, and, laying them in a drawer, turned a key upon them, which he dropped in his pocket. He drew off his blouse, thoughtfully, opening his lips once as if about to say something, but closing them again.

"It's been hot as hell to-day," said the overseer, "and you're shut up here like cattle. There's a smell in the decorating room like death, and no air."

"I should like to suggest a way of ventilating that place," said Daneved. "I should—" but he checked himself; he knew that suggestions of this sort were seldom regarded.

The overseer shrugged his shoulders, and began to lock up. "I don't know whose business it is to see to it," he said; "it's not mine."

"May be it's mine," thought Daneved. It had occurred to him before.

As he put on his hat and stepped outside, the air engulfed him like a sirocco, and the very earth was touched with a fire that burned his feet. The sun, still high, glowed red and fierce behind the clouds of dust. He hurried toward the Sound, eager to fling himself into its waves, and by the time he reached it a faint flush had taken the place of the poison-white in his cheeks.

The day had been an exceptional one in Copenhagen, and there were more people going in the same direction than he wished. He had started for Klampenborg, but the swarms of artisans—Swedes, Germans and Copenhageners—bound for this goal drove him back. He took a plunge in the sound nearer home, and returned to his room.

He shrank from the contact of men as if he had blood on his hands. With the enthusiasm of

an orator in his soul, he was daily becoming more silent. His habit of self-concealment was merciless, and he noticed with apprehension that it was growing upon him. He did not need to ask himself why this was. He knew perfectly well that it was the outcome of a duty which he was bound to perform, but which to him had never worn anything more pleasing than a face of brass.

The oaths of secrecy imposed upon the artisans of the Rund & Sondahl porcelain works required, it had been discovered, an occasional espionage. The proprietors had lost some of their best inventions through discharged mechanics, who, turning up in France or America, had made fortunes for themselves out of what was represented as their own ingenuity. Roused to the significance of this form of robbery, they had cast about in their minds for a man just enough,—and unflinching enough to prevent it. They had selected Daneved.

He had replied, with heightened color: "Gentlemen, I cannot do that. I am a working man myself."

They offered him a thousand dollars down, and would double his salary; but this he spurned. Mr. Rund came to him personally. "There is not another man in the establishment who can do this for us. An important national industry is at stake. You have the chance of suppressing an evil."

The words rang in his ears, "You have the chance of suppressing an evil"—it was what he had burned to do since he was twelve years old. A soft light overspread his features, but it was as quickly swallowed up in a cloud: he remembered that the suppression of evil was not always accomplished without leaving a mark on the hand. Yet he wrote out his signature to the commission with a firm stroke. A year passed, and he had no occasion to convict a man; he was beginning to regard his office as a sinecure.

In the spring of the second year of his service, a German in the glazing-room asked for his discharge. The man's name was Britzen, and his time would be up in a month. Daneved's heart leaped to his throat when he heard it. Something kept thrusting at him like a spear: "Watch that man, Britzen." He parried it at first, then obeyed its urging.

It was at Britzen's table that he lingered longest on his rounds; it was here that his eye rested with most of scrutiny; here was a plaque in process of glazing, and beside the plaque lay a book of tablets: once he had seen this book open, but had passed on. Ordinarily it was closed.

On the following day he made a pretense for halting there. "A new device is it not?" he asked, indicating the center of the plaque with his hand.

Britzen glanced up at his interlocutor, suspiciously, and placed a bowl over the tablets. "No," he muttered, "it's an old picture."

It was Thorvaldsen's figure of *Hope*. Daneved stood looking down on it absently, not offering to examine it, his hands in his pockets. "Very fine," he said at length, "I had not noticed it before. We've been uncommonly busy in our department, of late. I see you are trying the new glaze," and he passed on, whistling softly.

"What's *he* doing in *here*?" growled Britzen to his neighbor; but the man being new to his place, did not know.

(To be continued.)

NEW BOOKS.

Tilskueren is the name of a Danish monthly—edited by N. Neergaard, published by T. G. Philipsen, costing twelve crowns a year—which certainly would find many friends among our readers if it had only a fair chance to make itself known to them. We shall, however, do our duty in the case—the introduction. It resembles in many respects the Norwegian monthly, *Nyt Tidsskrift*; it addresses the same class of readers; it treats of the same class of subjects, etc. The difference, however, between the two papers is apparent, and if anybody should choose to say, that it is also very characteristic, we agree. The attitude of the Norwegian paper is an aggressive one and, in spite of its calmness and impartiality, the paper never suffers its readers to forget that at any moment it is ready for fight. The attitude of the Danish paper is one of survey and contemplation, and even when it becomes sharpest it confines itself to criticism. This must not be understood, however, as if *Tilskueren* were a kind of old fashioned, half-conservative, half-dull concern. On the contrary, it is fully alive with the instincts of progress and reform. Its tendency points probably in exactly the same direction as that of *Nyt Tidsskrift*, and its movements have perhaps the same vigor. But the means it employs are quite different. While *Nyt Tidsskrift* has planted itself in the very midst of actual life and moves along on the formula, "This is wrong, consequently that must be done," *Tilskueren* starts from the scientific result and approaches actual life on the formula, "This is true, consequently that must be wrong."

Nyt Tidsskrift contains articles so excellent that *Tilskueren* can hardly dream of equaling them; for Prof. E. Sars is the best essayist in the three Scandinavian kingdoms. But as a general rule the articles of *Tilskueren* are better than those of *Nyt Tidsskrift*: on a higher standard and of finer workmanship. At all events, the manner in which the paper keeps its readers posted with respect to what is going on in the world, and with respect to the true meaning of the phenomena, is competent; far above what any American paper of the kind has to offer, and not far below what might be found in an English periodical. Among

its contributors we mention Prof. F. Nielsen, Prof. Julius Lange, Kontorchef M. Rubin, Dr. Edward Brandes, Dr. Tscherning, etc. F. Nielsen is professor of theology in the university of Copenhagen, but entirely free from that unctuous palaver which—once the state-robe of an established hypocrisy and the tattered cloak of a tottering tradition, and soon the contempt of the very rag-picker—so often makes the writings of theologians unendurable. He has a decided talent as an essayist. His articles in the new edition of Herzog's theological encyclopedia, that huge storehouse of German erudition, stand forth in a very pleasant manner by the clearness, exactness and alertness with which they give what is wanted and nothing more. Julius Lange is professor in art history at the Royal Academy of Art in Copenhagen, and a man of considerable power. He is entirely done with the old mystical nonsense about art for art's own sake. Art is to him, psychologically, the true and simple expression of one side of human nature; socially, an important means of education, and that is a standpoint on which a man can afford to be thoroughly serious. He is also a good writer, sober, clear, straightforward, without point in the style, but by no means without point in the thought. The proverb, *Efter Selskabet*, by Dr. E. Brandes, published in one of the earlier numbers of this paper, is a little pearl, which we hope some day to make our readers fully acquainted with.

A BIOGRAPHY OF P. N. Holst, by Theodorus, is one of the publications which appeared on the occasion of the Holberg festival. He is described as "the Søren Kierkegaard of the eighteenth century," and as a kind of Danish Rousseau, that will say: representing the sentiment as Holberg represented the critical intelligence.

As was to be expected, the celebration of the second centenary of Holberg's birth-day has called forth a whole literature, *Holbergiana* in portly volumes, and *Holbergiana* in thin columns. For reasons which are easier to understand than to explain, we had decided to confine ourselves to a mere survey of what others might give, without venturing upon any independent contribution. But a piece of good luck has fallen to our lot, and in the next number of SCANDINAVIA we shall publish a biography of Holberg by the late Dr. Lyngbye, an extract from his lectures on Danish language and literature, a sketch, short and simple, but excellent.

Dr. Lyngbye was a pupil of Rask, and not of Madvig, and that circumstance, in connection with an almost phenomenal homeliness of appearance and a singular timidity and awkwardness of address, made it very hard for him to get on in the world. Nevertheless, by degrees people became aware that behind the mask there was a man, a man possessed of enormous erudition, of subtlest talent, and of noble culture. At last public opinion lifted him into the professor's chair at the university, and he began to lecture. But two years after he died from over-exertion.

Among his hearers was a friend of ours, a Danish American, Mr. Gram, who took so much interest in those lectures that he not only made copious notes during the delivery, but afterward spent a good deal of time in order to obtain as complete and accurate a reproduction as possible; and of the lecture on Holberg's life he has been so kind as to send us an elegant English translation.

It is a sketch, but . . . Apelles was the greatest painter Greece had ever produced. None of his contemporaries could dream of rivalling him, except, perhaps, Trobogenes. One day Apelles went to the studio of Trobogenes and not finding him in, he took a brush and drew on a tablet one single, waving line, the outline of the back of the human body from the neck to the knee. When Trobogenes came home, he stopped with amazement before the tablet and exclaimed: "Forsooth, Apelles hath been here!" . . . It is only a sketch, only the outline of Holberg's life from the neck to the knee, but it was drawn by a master, and no one can read it through without wondering how well acquainted with Holberg he became in those fifteen minutes.

NOTES AND NEWS.

A NUMBER of new railways are going to be built in Finland.

L. M. ESMARK, professor in zoology at the university of Christiania, is dead.

HEGARTH, Swedish Norwegian Consul General at Copenhagen, is dead.

PROF. CORNELIUS, of Upsala, is appointed bishop of Linköping, Sweden.

A NEW building is proposed to be erected for the Finnish *Landtdag*, at a cost of two and a quarter million marks.

AN association for religious liberty was formed at Stockholm, partly by dissenters, partly by free-thinkers.

THE formerly isolated Swedish province of Dalarna has now obtained its fourth railway, through the valley of Siljan.

FREDERIKA BREMER SOCIETY is the name of an association formed at Stockholm for the purpose of the higher development of woman.

FOUR societies of workingmen at Christiania are co-operating for the establishment of a college for workingmen similar to that existing in Stockholm.

THE free-masons of Denmark number about 3,500, with the Crown-prince as nominal, and Mr. Emil Rosenörn, late minister of state, as actual head.

STOCKHÖLM had a larger number of deaths than of births until the establishment of waterworks and of cloaks, in 1861 and 1864, which changed the figures entirely.

THE new government in Norway seems specially bent on reform in justice (juries), schools, communications (building of new railways), and army organization.

ONE of the questions at present agitated in Denmark, and certainly much needed, is that of greater obligations towards illegitimate children by their fathers.

A PROJECT to make the Swedish-Norwegian crown prince permanent viceroy of Norway has not found favor with the people, and seems, therefore, to have been abandoned.

ENGLAND obtains now one-third of its cattle import from little Denmark, one-half from America. The Danish

import advanced from 26,000 in 1873-74 to 119,800 in 1883.

DR. HJALMAR EDGREN, of Lund, Sweden, is called to the State University, Lincoln, Neb., United States of America, as professor in Sanskrit and modern languages.

THE governor, "Landshövding," of Iceland, can now appoint the numerous clergymen with a salary below 1,800 crowns, or about \$500. Formerly all were appointed from Copenhagen.

AT a recent dinner of the party of the Danish Right, Mr. Estrup, the premier, declared that the future would recognize that he and his conservative friends actually fought for liberty and progress.

THE Peace Association numbers in Sweden several thousand members. The Swedes have always, more than the two other Scandinavian nations, been attracted by political ideas of a general European character.

A COMMITTEE which petitioned for a new railway through the *Sæterdal* to the city of Christiansand, got from the minister the answer that the cabinet intend to introduce a bill proposing a whole system of new railways.

THE Swedish *Riksdag* was opened by the King January 19. The government proposes to establish a new ministry of agriculture and trade, wants to increase the navy, and is willing to reduce the land tax 30 per cent. This last proposition is the desideratum of the farmer party, and has usually been connected with the projects of military reform.

BISHOP TANDBERG, of Christianssand, Norway, and Bishop Anjou, of Gotland, Sweden, formerly professor at Upsala, and in 1855 minister of state, died lately; were both among the oldest members of the Scandinavian clergy.

KARL BOCK, the great Norwegian traveler, is publishing an account of his travels in Siam and Laos, in Norwegian, under the name of "Temples and Elephants." It is his intention to enter into the Swedish-Norwegian consular service.

PROF. PONTUS WIKNER, of Upsala, has finally been appointed regular professor in philosophy at the University of Christiania. All admitted his ability as a popular and religious orator, but some wanted a representative for the modern realistic schools.

IN the German parliament, Jadzewski, a Polish member, lately took up the question of using the Polish language at the courts in Posen. Mr. Junggren, the Danish deputy from Sleswick, supported the proposition in demanding the same privilege for the Danish language in North Sleswick.

THE senate of Finland is preparing a bill for the *Landtdag* about the rights of the Jews. It is, however, not intended to make them citizens, only to permit them to live in Finland, and furthermore only to stay in the cities, not to live in the country. This is Russian, not Scandinavian.

THE whole modern economical progress in the Scandinavian countries is closely connected with commercial communication with England. A new feature in Sweden is an association for the export of butter from middle Sweden to London, formed under the auspices of Mr. Hugo Vedin.

PROF. SCHJÖTT of the University of Christiania recommends an idea, novel in the Scandinavian countries, to make not only the *Borger Skoler* or middle schools preparatory for the Latin schools, what has already taken place in Norway, but to arrange it so that the pupils can go directly from the common schools to the middle schools and farther to the Latin schools.

IN the Danish Society of Political Economy, Mr. Levy, the cashier of the national bank, recently warned against the increasing excess of the import over the export. At the same time stock and bonds were sold, and less brought into the country. Prof. Falbe Hansen, on the other hand, laid stress on the increase in savings, in reclamation of land, and in value of insurance.

AT the Finnish *Landtdag*, the nobility and gentry is said to be liberal, but Swedish and "anti-fennoman;" the clergy favoring the Finnish language, "fennoman," as natural to men mostly born in the Finnish peasant-farmer class; the citizens chamber, inclosing a number of prominent jurists, practical liberals and Swedish; the peasant-farmers, finally, looking merely out for the agricultural interest, but containing some strongly Finnish members, mostly intruders from other classes.

THE second centenary of the birth of Holberg, the father of the Danish-Norwegian literature, December 3, was celebrated all over the Scandinavian countries. At the college of Sorø, which was re-established by Holberg, and where he often stayed, the festival was honored by the presence of the Danish king. A statue was erected in his native town of Bergen, Norway. Holberg has been compared to Voltaire, as reasoning historian, critic, and author of comedies. There is, however, the same difference between them as between radical, lively, and brilliant France, and moderate, quiet, and common-sense Denmark-Norway.

OF well known Danes lately deceased, we note: Mr. Skeel, late minister of interior in the cabinet of Mr. Estrup, and landed proprietor in northern Jutland; Gottlieb Siesby, once a radical, later as several journalist of Jewish birth in Europe, in his capacity as editor of *Flyveposten* and other papers, a reactionary; I. F. Sick, chamberlain to the king, and once in diplomatic service; David Soldin, translator, in Paris, and for instance editor of H. C. Andersen's works in French; and Alfred Benson, prominent chemist and manufacturer.

THE sugar industry of the Danish West Indian island of St. Croix expected its salvation from a new establishment, erected by government assistance, conducting the molasses in pipes from half of the island to one central factory. This year all conditions seemed to be favorable, and still the result has been a loss on account of the low prices of sugar. One of its directors, the excellent Mr. Hageman, makes the sensible recommendation to the benefit of this as well as of the beet sugar factories in the motherland, to reduce the tax of sugar and thereby increase its use. He shows the immense increase in this production within late years in all countries. Sugar is now, without the tax, about as cheap as wheat flour. Mr. Hageman ought, however, to be too well instructed to regard it as a benefit to the country to keep back the money otherwise paid for imported sugar. Whether sugar is produced directly or indirectly by exchange for wheat, barley or butter, is by itself entirely irrelevant to the wealth of the country.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS RECEIVED.

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SCIENCE. Cambridge, Mass.

NORDISK REVY. Upsala.

THE WEEK. Toronto.

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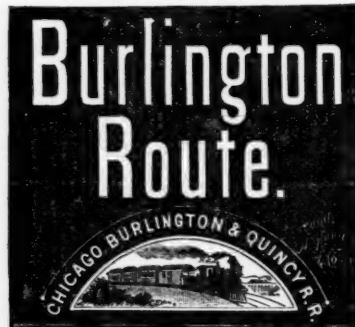
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